The Torrance-Clendennin Episode and other Horse Stories

"A steadier rider never threw her limb o'er leather,
She was game to pound through any kind of weather,
Lass of promise, she."

Racing, Hunting, Steeplechasing, Club Life, etc.

BY

Melville

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THE TORRANCE-CLENDENNIN EPISODE

AND

THE MELVILLE LETTERS,

ON

RACING, HUNTING, STEEPLECHASING, CLUBS, AND CLUB LIFE, ETC.

"Pastime for princes! prime sport of our nation
Strength in their sinew, and bloom on their cheek;
Health to the old, to the young recreation;
All for enjoyment the hunting field seek.

Eager and emulous only, not spiteful,
Grudging no friend, though ourselves he may beat;
Just enough danger to make sport delightful
Toil just sufficient to make slumber sweet."

BY

CLARENCE D. LEVEY.
(MELVILLE.)

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To JAMES GORDON BENNETT, to whom all lovers of manly sports on land and water owe a debt of gratitude. The generosity of his nature and the encouragement he has given to manly athletic out door life in every quarter of the world, are too well known to require more than mere mention. This encouragement to healthy out door life has left its favorable mark wherever JAMES GORDON BENNETT has made his home, and it is with this in mind that this dedication is made with the highest esteem of the author.

PREFACE.

THE pages of this book contain records of events which actually took place just as they are described.

The author hopes that these stories will appeal to that increasing class of Americans who enjoy club life and have both the inclination and the leisure to make the noblest of the brute creation, the horse and the dog, their companions in sport and field.

The bonds of sympathetic affection which link humanity with these, its most devoted friends among the animals, have never been more profoundly felt than at this time. The author will feel amply repaid if these "o'er true tales," shall give the reader as much pleasure in perusing as he has found in their writing.

Some of these sketches have appeared in print before in different American and English journals, and the author begs to thank his former publishers for their courtesy in allowing this reproduction.

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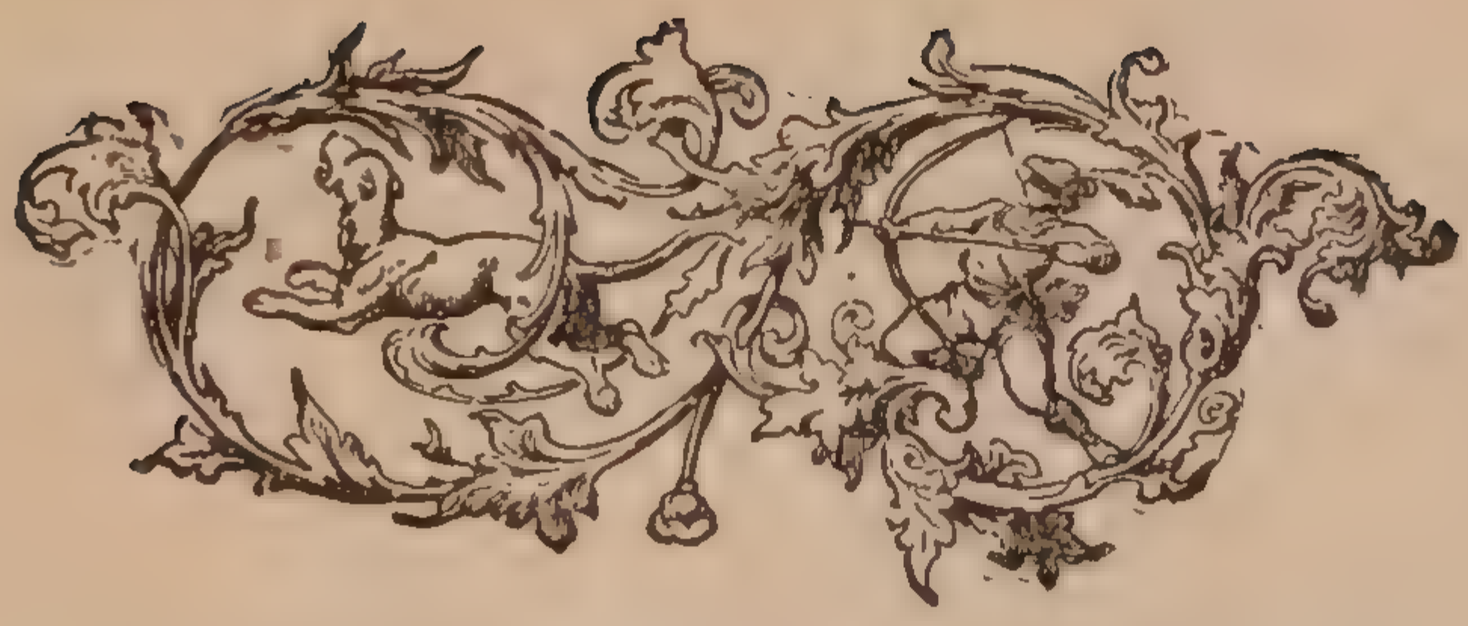


"A steadier rider never threw her limb o'er leather
She was game to pound through any kind of weather,
Lass of promise, she."

The Torrance-Clendennin Episode.

A HUNTING STORY.

THE holidays were upon us, and the bright crispy weather was too inviting to remain in doors. We were a cheery party who were fox hunting from the little town of Astoria. There were different sets scattered about in the various hostelries, and we were all upon the best of terms with one another, dancing at each other's rooms and enjoying the good sport which the open weather was affording us with all the zest imaginable. I was one of a household of three or four who had thrown in their lots together. We hit it off admirably, and I wish to say that I could not desire to follow the sport of kings under more happy auspices than I did that season.

On the Thursday morning, the eventful date of my tale, the meet was about ten miles distant—rather farther than usual, being what is termed a "fixture" of a pack, with which we seldom hunted, as their country lay too wide for us. Newcastle was the one meet which did come within our reach—an outside one for the master and his hounds, but a very favorite one

with us from the New York side, and we invariably patronized it in full force. This day was no exception, and as we rode from Garden City the road, both in front and behind, was dotted with pink and black, all bent upon the same errand. The morning was sunny, and yet the scent lay well and gave us good hopes of a fine run, and nothing but a clear conscience and the knowledge of being on a good one could be wanting to make a man feel that he was about to partake of one of the greatest pleasures in existence. Arriving at the meet, the greetings and handshakings were perhaps more numerous than usual, as those who hunted regularly with the pack seldom came out on our side; so we saw them less frequently, and were, therefore, more cordial in our greetings and had more to say. Punctuality, however, put a stop to all this; and as the master, by considering his watch, had found the time up, at 11 to the minute we began to clear the way, gently admonished of the fact that our horses were yet fresh, and might strike out by the "Hounds please, gentlemen," of Morgan, the first whip. The way clear, off we trotted to Hempstead ridge, an excellent stubble covert—invariably a safe find, and a good place to get away from. True to its reputation, there was the welcome music in a very short time after hounds had been thrown in, and all were very busy tightening girths, fitting their hats more securely on to their heads, seeing that martingales were removed, excepting for sky scrapers, and for them loosened out, and stirrups comfortable, preparatory to a start.

A short gallop down one hill, owing to a false alarm, and then the anything but welcome "who-hoop" which sounded the deathknell of the only fox that morning in the covert. He had made up his mind to go. But alas! the very spot he chose to make his exit he found tenanted by a "Johnny fresh," who, eager to see as much of the fun as possible, and as much as the "gents on 'orseback," had made his way to the covert side, and, by dint of his great excitement, manifested upon viewing him, frightened the poor little red animal back into the jaws of his pursuers. Luckily this is not a country now tenanted by a single fox. The farmers have become friends of fox hunters to boot. So our first disappointment was merely hope deferred. However, the morning grew on apace, and still we hadn't had our gallop. Some of the Garden City truckmen had seen a nice red fox lying in a turnip field. We drew for him; but, as is generally the case, he was not there when called upon. In a batch of gorse about five miles away from the place where we met our hopes were again revived by the notes of an old hound, and then a rattling chorus followed by welcome "Gone away!" from Morgan on the bottom side.

Luck would seem to be dead against us. No sooner were we well away, with hounds running like fun below, then we came to an abrupt termination at an old pit, where the goats and rabbits ruminated, and where in their revels and assiduity they had burrowed holes large enough to take in their wily enemy and a couple of hounds after him. This was

very tantalizing. The best thing to do was to eat lunch, drink a bottle of the incomparable McMullen's white label Bass' ale, and see if the soothing influence of good cigars would not make matters look a little more optimistical. The master held a short consultation with one or two in the field, and then made up his mind for a three-mile trot to Daumsley. What was to be done now? The day only half gone, the inner man refreshed, the second horse unused and much too fresh for the comfort of the second horseman, and a day apparently wasted.

"What are you going to do, Cortlandt? Are you going on, Flirt, or are we to go home and try those Monaco playing cards at the club?"

Most of our set decided on the latter, and I, together with Cortlandt and Miss Torrance and her younger brother, who hailed from close to our little town, were the only ones left to represent the honor and glory of Meadowbrook as we trotted along gayly on our second horses to Daumsley.

Young Aleck was home from school for his holidays, and having improved the morning by jumping and galloping on every available opportunity, had quite done up his father's old horse on which he was mounted. But he had an idea, and when it was found that we were off to Daumsley to draw again, and with equal certainty to find, he proceeded to put his idea into practice, and coming quietly alongside his sister, began to explain to her that his horse was too done to go so far. Why should she mind her groom taking him home and letting him ride John's horse. He

would take care of her, you know, and he was sure the governor would not mind. He did so want to go on; it was nearly his last day. What could the good-natured girl say to such a pitiful entreaty?

The exchange was not long in being effected, and I vow the youngster was as full of go and jump as ever, confident in the sensation that he was on a fresh horse, and moreover on a good hunter, which he was seldom allowed to bestride, as his father knew only too well what his offspring's propensities were, and, to tell the truth was secretly rather proud of them, though he did occasionally find them expensive. "Trot on, Dick, and get to that big oak tree. You mind that cross ride, Aleck. I'll look after this side." The master gives his instructions, Cortlandt, who is now acting as first whip, gives the hounds the signal and here we are, feeling, it must be admitted, rather rash, drawing for a fresh fox at 2:45 p. m., a good fifteen miles or more away from home. In for a penny, in for a pound; and once having transgressed the dictates of common sense by coming on, we get bold, and inwardly hope that we have a rattler to reward us for our misdoing, finishing we don't care where, so long as we can go home and say: "You fellows were duffers not to come on to Daumsley; you missed the very best thing we've had or are likely to have this season."

Whether we are able to crow or not the sequel will show; but while I am making all taut and trim, and addressing a few common place remarks to Miss Torrance, before receiving a warning note from

the busy pack, Aleck's cap is in the air, and the master, galloping to the bottom end, is making his horn do its utmost to put Cortlandt and his beauties on the line as speedily as possible. "Forrard away! Forrard away! Ger away, huic! Ger away, huic!" Cortlandt is letting them have it, those that would wish to loiter in covert, as he has no wish to be left behind in the good thing, and, if he can only see all out before him, will soon make up his last start by a species of hanging on the head, ramming in the spurs, "come up, 'oss" reckless style of riding, which seems to be the especial perquisite of the second whip.

"He's along that second fence, sir," says Aleck, and almost before he has time to point out the line, old Headline tops the four-rails laid fence out of the covert, with a deep full voice gives the cue to the rest of the pack, who know well that she never does make a fool of them, and streaming down the fallow side at their best pace follow her with a peal of music, which is capable of stringing up the nerves and stirring the feelings of a man who loves to follow hounds more than could the strains of a martial band. Swinging to the right, under the second fence, we are down in the water meadows and parallel with the second brook until a second thought seems to have struck our little friend and he turns short to the left again, and after giving the hounds time to struggle in and out of the water, the front rank ride at it at twenty miles an hour. Miss Torrance, coming out of the crowd like a bullet, takes a firm, strong hold of her horse, shows them the way over, and the field follow after without

a mistake, leave twelve feet of water—which, no doubt, after dinner to-night will be magnified by some into eighteen—behind, with two or three feet to spare. There is no jealousy; all are riding fair, and for the most part taking their own line, as there are but few of us.

Miss Torrance is riding quietly and awfully in earnest, as she always seems to be. She has not confidence in her brother as a guide over the intricacies of this proverbially awkward country, but has selected Clendennin as her pilot, and follows closely beside him. Forward they go. There is no mistake as to the pace. The fencing, it's true, is light, but so it needs be for the field to keep up with them as they are running now. Already plenty have turned off the pursuit; some from want of pluck, others from lack of a good enough mount, but all with an excuse they think is sufficient to absolve them for not being in it. Most of us would be pleased to find there was a check, but it is not destined to be so yet awhile, nor indeed until we have been running forty minutes.

At the end of that period we run into a gorse, by name, "Zborowski's Rough," and as the fox dwells there for a few minutes, and it is very thick, he gives the horses a chance to get their second wind, or, I should almost say, their third, and ourselves time to repair damages, mop off our heated brows, make ourselves as spruce as possible and look around and see what havoc has been created with our followers in the chase.

Morgan has been well into it, cutting out most of the work so far; but his horse shows unmistakably that he has had nearly enough, and the spasmodic heaving of his sides, the nervous quivering of his tail and the stretched out position which he has assumed, tell a story to his rider that he will be wise to pull up in time. "Hard lines to have to stop, but there's no help for it, old fellow. You'll settle your horse else." Young Torrance, too, is among the list of missing—a ditch with a rail that looked like poplar and weak, having proved to be oak as tough as the heart of a widow (who finds the "coming of the crows feet, means the backward turn of beaux feet") the result being disastrous to a blown horse. His sister sits quietly at the side of the gorse, looking, excepting for the heightened color and the mud stains on her habit, as if she had only been out for a hack ride, though her horse's open nostrils tell a different tale and bear testimony to the fast forty-five minutes. I am well mounted to-day on a horse I would certainly take in preference to any in my stud to fight through such a run as this. But even he has quite as much as he cares about and would, I feel assured, prefer a bucket of warm gruel and a homeward ride to a continuance of the sport. Yet I don't know. See how he pulls himself together, cocks his ears and plays the dandy as he hears the hounds singing away in the covert.

I chaff Miss Torrance about the guardian under whose protection she has placed herself, and agree with her that boys of Aleck's age must come to grief, and the theory that all such boys invariably turn up

all right, like a duly labeled package of merchandise, this side up with care, dirty, but otherwise none the worse for mishap. A charming lady once spoke of him as "being like a rubber ball." We are quite at sea, both of us, as to our bearings, and I would not have been able to explain quite so glibly that the gorse was called "Zborowski's Rough" had I not ascertained the fact from Cortlandt as we rode up toward it.

Our check had now lasted ten minutes, the hounds again were silent, and we were beginning to speculate whether the end had really come or not, when a single hound, casting on its own account forward in the next field, disclosed the intelligence that our quarry had given us the slip and gone away. How? We can scarcely imagine. He must either have escaped the vigilance of Cortlandt (which is improbable) or (which is far more likely) he has threaded the way down the ditch overgrown with brambles, and thus cleverly obtained another start.

Gone he is, there is no mistake; so we must go after him. The going, up to this point, had been excellent, for we had been running along the ridge after leaving the valley behind us; but now things took a turn for the worse. We were down on a plain which had more than its share of plowed land, ditches big enough to engulf not alone a horse, but a cart and driver with it. Evidently the land hereabout was of precious little value. A cold clay soil, with the appearance of hardly having worth sufficient to plow up. The fences were neglected, and had evi-

dently not been arranged—that is to say, the majority of them—for the past ten years.

Luckily for us who wanted to be with the hounds, the scent was bad, or it would have been impossible. Still, we were obliged to keep jumping and galloping on. I call it galloping by courtesy; perhaps it should be called a mild cantering, for our fagged-out beasts could not do more. About six of us were left—two men belonging to the country, the master, Cortlandt, Miss Torrance and your obedient servant. The only point the fox could now be making, unless he knew of some friendly rabbit hole or henroost in which he expected to obtain shelter, was the range of wooded hills, behind which the rich glow of sunny grandeur was declining already. But they must be miles and miles away, and none of us could ever hope to reach them, even if the hounds are able.

I was the next to disappear. Cantering down a furrow, at a blind and wide ditch, with a high fence on the landing side, over which I had hoped to have scrambled, my horse, either from carelessness or inability to rise, put his feet between the top and second rail. He pitched me against the opposite bank with a force sufficient to break my sacred neck, turned half over, crashed down the fence, and both of us lay all in a heap at the bottom of what nearly became a grave. My neck was not broken, my hat was demoralized, and my face, especially my nose—which, like that of all intelligent men, was somewhat pronounced—was considerably scratched; but there the danger ended so far as I was concerned. The next thing I did

was to ascertain the damage to my animal. He lay there like a log, eyeballs prominent and flanks heaving most suspiciously.

I examined him carefully, and at length came to the conclusion that his ailments might be summed up in one word "blown." Here was a fix. If ever a horse looked as if he needed the aid of a cable and spades to deliver him from prison, he did. I mounted the bank to get a view of the surrounding country, but not a homestead or cottage was visible. No, not even a little smoke to give me encouragement to search for assistance. Away in the twilight I could see the field fading, far, far away, and faintly hear the cry of the hounds still running. The situation required consideration, and with a view of solving a way out of the difficulty, I lighted a cigar and pulled myself together, blocking my hat out, and scraping the clay off my arm and shoulder with a knife.

I had finished my little diversion, but had as yet not got nearer to the attainment of my object. Help there was evidently none at hand, so what there was to be done I must try to do for myself. To work I went. Getting down into the ditch I pulled my horse's forelegs from under him and placed them so he could use them freely. I next took off his bridle, loosened his girths and applied all the strength of which I was possessed; pulling him up by his tail. Excepting to burst a few buttons off my clothes—for I am growing very stout—I did not budge him, and he would not struggle for himself. Kindness and assistance were of no avail, and I was getting very

much annoyed with the beast, so I raised my crop stick and struck him with all my force.

At the first half dozen applications he grunted, and striking out his fore feet, found a bit of firm foothold and stood on all fours right enough, though as yet in the bottom of the ditch. To get him out was not so difficult, and, as luck would have it, we came out on the right side of the fence and blundered through into the next field. My next search was for a road, and this I guessed lay three fields away, where I could discern a row of trees. Fortune attended me at the next two fences, as I found gates to both, through which the others had passed, and I was looking about for which would gain me admission to the lane, when in the gloom which was fast coming on I made out a figure on the far side of the field standing by the ditch. Thinking to obtain some information as to my whereabouts, I led my horse toward it, but what was my surprise on getting nearer to find not the rustic I expected, but Miss Torrance. As I came nearer she recognized me, and coming to meet me, at once explained how matters stood.

"Thank goodness you have come, Mr. Clendennin, I don't know what I shall do. My horse has been down in this ditch for nearly half an hour, and, though I've walked both ways up this lane, I cannot see any one or make any one hear to come and help me get him out."

Here the description of her woes came to a sudden stop, and I almost fancied, dear creature, I could hear a sob, half smothered in a pretty cambric hand-

kerchief. Here was indeed a dilemma, more especially for a lady to be in. But night was closing in fast, and whatever had to be done I knew must be done at once.

"Cheer up, Miss Torrance," I said; "I have been in a precisely similar predicament three fields back, and have succeeded in getting my horse out. Perhaps I may be equally successful with yours."

Having gone through the same routine of putting his legs in position, loosening the girths and so on, I next applied the hunting crop, and in this instance with magical effect; for, at the second stroke, he made an effort to disentangle himself, like a boarding school miss in a wrestle to remove her first "Jersey." At the third stroke he came out of the ditch, not a whit the worse, but no doubt stiff enough from the cramped position in which he was lying. Our next move was in search of the gate into the lane, which we eventually found at the extreme end of the field, and once more on terra firma, so to speak, and our troubles surmounted, I put my fair friend on her horse again. My own horse I found was too lame to carry me, so there was nothing left but to lead him and do the pioneer act on foot, striking off down the lane, which I knew must eventually land us at a house of some kind or another. It was now pitch dark. We had gone quite a mile down the lane, and even my spirits were getting a trifle below low-water mark, when my companion, who, from her elevated position. could see better than I could, suddenly stopped me.

"Mr. Clendennin! Mr. Clendennin! There's another lane here, and, I believe, a guide post."

This was, indeed, a find.

Turning back a few yards I discovered Miss Torrance was quite right, and there was a guide post. Getting her horse alongside of it I gave her a fuse to strike in order that she might read the inscription. Though the first attempt was a failure, the second was a success, and enabled her to read the words, "Road to——" The third flared up well, and brought to light, "Bay Trees." What an interesting piece of information! I appealed to Miss Torrance: "Have you ever heard of Bay Trees?"

"No; I cannot remember having seen it on any of the Long Island maps."

And down to zero went our spirits again. "We must still keep to our lane," I said, "and try where that will bring us out," and suiting the action to the word I started off again, leading my limping favorite. At the end of a quarter of an hour, which seemed to me like double the time, my companion in distress again called to me. This time there was a more cheerful ring in her voice, and on my stopping to inquire the cause I found that she had at length discerned a light ahead, and after walking on a few hundred yards I found she had not been mistaken. There was a light, and what was even better still, we emerged on to a main road. Not that we could see that it was a main road, but we recognized the well-kept roadway in place of the stony ruts of the lane, and our spirits rose so at the thought of a speedy

release from our difficulties that we actually began to chaff one another on the subject. Still we were not yet out of the woods, and might have reserved our buoyancy, at any rate for the present.

The light we had observed emanated from a farm house standing a little way from the road, and I doubt very much whether a light at sea could be much more welcome to a mariner than was the glow of the fire through the window to us. Groping through the dark carefully, I found the gate to the house yard, and passing through, left my horse to stand there, while I went up to the house. In reply to my knock at the door, I was saluted by a bobtailed bull terrier, which came growling from the back of the house, and sniffed the neighborhood of my legs in a most uncomfortable manner. I heard voices within, and a man's voice, evidently that of the farmer, said: "Who can be coming, bothering us at this hour of the night?" After opening the door about six inches he inquired in a very unamiable voice: "What do you want here? Who the deuce are you?" The facts of the matter were soon explained, and, although he at first was incredulously inclined, the sight of my pink coat guaranteed the truth of my story; and if his voice did sound a bit crabbed just now, it assuredly belied him, for he turned out to be one of the real old-fashioned sort, with whom hospitality was second nature. There was nothing he could not do for us. The hired man was sent out to put our horses in the stable, to give them warm gruel, and Miss Torrance, whom he and his wife insisted in calling "the fair Diana,"

was installed by the fireside, with a cup of hot tea.

Having seen to the comfort of the horses, I next proceeded to explain to my host how it was we came to be his guests, and to make inquiries as to how we were to reach Garden City that night. He took the greatest interest in hearing about the run, having, been, on the other side, a hunting man himself in the bright days of old. I proceeded to explain to him the way we came, but my description must have appeared very vague to him, as I did not know an inch of the way we had come. Still, he made out the line from it, with complimentary expressions of approval and wonder.

"Eh, my, what a run! Never heard tell of sech in my time. Must ha' been a fifteen-mile point if it had been an inch!"

When we came to the other business, though, he had not much to say.

"Want to go home to-night, do you say, sir?"

"Yes, if we can possibly get there."

"Perhaps you don't know how far you be from home, do you sir?"

Here Miss Torrance interrupted our conversation, who, having caught the last few sentences, began to think what was next to be done.

"I must go to Garden City to-night at whatever cost, at any rate; Mr. Clendennin, I really must! My father and mother won't know what has become of me, and I shall never hear the end of it. Do, please, let me go."

"I will do all that I possibly can, Miss Torrance,

of that you may be sure; and if it is possible to get you there, we will go at once. How far do you say it is?" I asked.

"Well, it's a goodish step, and I don't know rightly. But how far be you from Deer Park, and then you'll get it, 'cause that's your road—along this high road here as straight as you can go."

I considered for a moment what was the distance to Deer Park. "Deer Park must be about twenty miles from Garden City on about a straight line."

"Well then, sir, you're at it. Eighteen or twenty and ten make about thirty miles by this calculation."

This was a poser. I thought of every available method I could. The station? That was six miles away, and the last train gone. The farmer's trap? He had a vehicle, but the mare he always drove was heavy in foal, and to take her to Garden City would be to her own burial, and that was out of the question. Our horses were so used up that they could not have carried us even the ten miles for the life of them. There were no neighbors in the country who had even a mule. Confound their poverty, I say; and so do they, no doubt. Sorry as I was for Miss Torrance and her distress at the awkward predicament in which we were placed, we must make up our minds to accept the old man's hearty invitation and spend the night where we were. I explained how useless and impossible it was to try and proceed further, and by degrees persuaded Miss Torrance into the same opinion.

The good hostess took Miss Torrance's hands in hers and assured her how very welcome she was, and gave her renewed assurance of what a pleasure it was to have so charming a lady under her roof, if only for a night. A warm, bright fire had been kindled in the spare room, and extra heavy turkey red curtains put up at the windows to make the apartment look cosy, when Miss Torrance, thoroughly tired and worn out by the events of the day, thought she would take advantage of it. The old host produced a bottle of good whisky and a long pipe, but I preferred one of my own cigars, and at his request I gave him an account of our run. Just then Miss Torrance beckoned me to come to her, and asked me how I was to fare. I told her I was to sleep on either an improvised bed or in the large arm-chair, at which she smiled very fascinatingly and said she was sorry that the conventionalities of society were such that she could not spare me the lounge in her own room, and with a merry laugh hastened off to repose. After an hour or so my companion, who was not used to being out of bed after 9 o'clock, left me to myself; so I pulled off my boots, and, settling myself into an arm-chair, it was not long before I was asleep and dreaming of Miss Torrance, horses the wrong side up in blind ditches, and hounds running, all jumbled up together.

It did not seem to me more than an hour or so before I was awakened by the return of my host, and I was rather astonished to find that the servant had already lighted the fire without disturbing me, as it

was seven o'clock. I had some considerable difficulty in getting into my boots again, but, having at length achieved it, strolled out into the farmyard, and was pleased to find both our horses up, and grinding away at their feed as if nothing out of the common had happened. I expected at any rate to see my horse in a rather damaged condition. He acted as if nothing had happened, much to my relief, for I confess I had much anxiety about him, and I returned to the breakfast table with a keen appetite. I had made my toilet with much trouble, and it was no easy thing to look presentable with muddy boots and creased hunting coat. Oh! how I did miss my valet.

Suddenly Miss Torrance appeared upon the scene, her habit brushed, her hair done up, and really quite fresh enough to start for the meet again. How well and strangely a woman can, if she will, adorn herself without appliances! She laughingly came forward to say "good morning," and the doings of the day before flashed across our minds. So the breakfast passed over merrily, and I am sure it was with a feeling akin to regret that our old host and the hostess said good-by to us as we rode away from the gate of "Holly Wood Farm." As we wended our way on our journey, the little stiffness of our horses wore off altogether, and we trotted along to the city beguiling the way with a flood of small talk and a repetition of yesterday's escapade. At Deer Park we gave our horses warm feed and there heard from the 'ostler, who had met Morgan riding

through in search of the lost hounds, that they had run their fox to the hills at Ronkonkoma, a twenty-mile point from where they found him.

So ended this astonishing run, which only needed a death to have made it the best any hounds had ever to my knowledge had. It was only 9:45 a. m., but we were anxious to get home early. We wasted little time, but pushed steadily on, and by one o'clock came in sight of the gables of the hotel. Miss Torrance had been full of animation throughout our ride, and the long trot had been most enjoyable. As we neared home, the thought of having to give parental explanations as to the awkward and compromising position she had been placed in, made her very uncomfortable and nervous. However, it had to be gone through, and I promised to come in and be presented, and to give my version in support of hers, to allay the wrath of her father, of which she seemed to be terribly afraid.

As we turned into the drive and passed the stable, a couple of helpers ran out to take our horses from us, and it was evident from their faces and the bustle that something unusual had occurred. We rode up to the door, and at the sound of the horses' footsteps, Aleck, father and mother hastened to open it. I gave Miss Torrance a lift off her horse, and was then presented to her parents. The old gentleman looked anything but pleased with my acquaintance, and had barely saluted me when he turned round to his daughter in the hall, and with a stern Roman air, opened fire:

"Well, Miss Helen, have you had your last day's hunting? I think your conduct and this man's will require explanation. Where have you been, and why were you not home last night?"

Miss Helen proceeded to give her narrative and mishaps in extenso—how she had fallen; how I had so kindly rescued her, and how by sheer force of circumstances Holly Wood had been our refuge. The old gentleman stamped, fretted and fumed, and after finishing with her, in a magisterial manner began:

"I think, sir, the very least you could have done would have been by hook or crook to have had information conveyed of our daughter's whereabouts. It was your duty to have allayed our anxiety and saved compromising a lady. I can thank you, sir, for placing my daughter in such a compromising position."

Miss Torrance at this juncture came forward, and, laying her arm on that of her father, was about to protest, but he put her away, and his anger was at boiling point, when I put a stop to any further angry remarks by curtly saying:

"I am sorry that what I have done, as I supposed for the best, lacks your approval; but having explained the circumstances, and said all I have to say, I must bid you adieu." Whereupon I bowed to Miss Torrance, and to him, then to Mrs. Torrance, and taking my horse from the groom left the old fellow to cool off and indulge in a tirade all to himself. When I arrived at my rooms Cortlandt and Morgan

were busy at lunch, and although I was considerably worked up and my temper was still very sore, the jeers and laughter which saluted my appearance as I stood in the doorway dispelled my ire. I had to give Morgan a full, faithful and true account after Cortlandt had left us at "Zborowski's Rough," and as my tale progressed, of course the whole of the facts in connection with the joint adventure of Miss Torrance and myself came to light. I could see the two winking at one another and occasionally making signs, but I pretended not to notice. At last, when my account was finished, neither spoke, but Morgan arose and rang the bell and ordered his servant to bring up a magnum from the cellar.

"A magnum," I said, "who do you think is going to drink a magnum at this hour of the day." "I'm going to drink your health, old chappie, and so, too, I know will Cortlandt. And we are not going to wish you long life and a happy one, under anything less my dear old boy, then a magnum. Are we Cortlandt?" It was in vain I declared they were mistaken, and that there was nothing of the sort on foot—that our conversation had entirely been confined to common places and so on. They declined to believe it, and in spite of my protests and entreaty to "let up," they carried me along, and I had to join in the health, luck and happiness of Miss Torrance, the other two coupling my name with hers.

The following day we were hunting again, and I must confess to disappointment at not seeing my protegé out. I wondered whether her father really

meant to keep his word and not let her out again to hunt, or whether she was ill, overcome by the fatigue or excitement of the previous day. In fact I thought entirely too much about her, and consequently did not enjoy the sport half as much as I could have done. We had a fair day, a fine run, and a speedy kill, and we returned home before our usual time. On entering the hall I found a note awaiting me, headed:

"MY DEAR SIR: I fear in the heat of the moment and excitement incidental to the return of my daughter I may have made use of some expressions that I would wish to recall. Upon reflection, permit me to say I now have no doubt you did all in any man's power to contribute to the comfort of Miss Torrance under the very trying circumstances. I thank you for it. It will afford me pleasure to receive you at dinner to-night, *en famille*. Our hour is 7:30, which I hope will afford me an opportunity to personally express my apology. Yours very cordially,

"TORRANCE-TORRANCE."

"To Fitzroy Clendennin, Esq."

Now, to tell the truth, I had really been awfully riled with the old fellow and his treatment of me; but I am not inclined to make enemies, being ever ready to let bygones be bygones. Besides, I was awfully anxious, don't you know, to see Miss Torrance and hear in what way she appeased the irate parents. So I hastily wrote a reply in my usually illegible hand, accepted the invitation, and dispatched Martin, my servant, with the note. I needn't elaborate upon the dinner. Most dinners are alike, they

are either very good or the opposite. And no one will be interested to know how rude old Torrance was to take the extra drop of sherry that made him go to sleep. I had to find my way into the drawing room alone. But there was Mrs. Torrance. She apologized for Mr. Torrance's rudeness, and the charm of her manner stamped her perfect good breeding. Then Mr. Torrance presented an abject apology, trusting I would forgive and overlook, and sincerely hoped I would become a more frequent visitor to the estate.

In the drawing room Mrs. Torrance was also in the arms of Morpheus, so it happened that the coast was clear for one of those lovely moments when Miss Torrance and I could resume our tete-à-tete, and hear from her own dear lips how she had defended me to her father, and how, in spite of all the trials and troubles, she would almost like the day to come over again. I had always thought—and so, too, had all my friends—that I was not a marrying man. I thought differently now, and my friends were mistaken, for here was a woman among women. She could ride to hounds well, she could bring down her brace of partridge, she was sympathetic, had a superb figure, her hair was brown, with a Titian coloring in parts, her eyes were violet-hued. Who could wish for more ? My ideal was here revealed, and Helen Torrance became Mrs. Clendennin at no very distant date.

Diana on Horseback.

NOT so many years ago mothers would have thought the sport of hunting something akin to a serious escapade, as atrocious folly, and without reason ; but *nous avons changé tout cela.* And their charming daughters are not now garrulously quieted into the silence of a statute of Harpocrates when asking if they may go ahunting when a hunting morning comes round, although occasionally an irritable mamma will cause the willful daughter to be mute with the seal of silence when such a day as is described as a southerly wind and a cloudy sky, and is proclaimed a hunting morning, appears.

It was on just such a day about the year 1873 that four lackeys stood by a very unpretentious house in a quiet street, and arranged themselves at the head of the stone steps of the stairs like statues bearing torches.

These self-contained grooms had driven to the modest dwelling for several ladies, who had a taste for hunting derived from European travel, and had heard that Mr. Joe Donohue, or "Old Joe," as his intimates called him, had rare sport over on several

New Jersey hills and dales, hunting the red fox. Joe Donohoe was the father of steeplechasing at the North, and his stables were filled with some prime favorites. Then these fair aspirants for the brush thought they would like to have a "go" at the game, which, sporting historians say, is a "sport fit for kings." Mr. Donohoe was an ardent lover of all kinds of out door pleasure and under all conditions, and he hunted with about nine couples of hounds.

As Joe weighed about twenty stone (280 pounds), he hunted the pack on foot, apparently an impossible feat over an exasperating country, but to please the fair sex Joe could do anything of an almost impossible nature. The junior Joe Donohue acted as first whip, employing several good weight carrying steeple-chasers for the purpose. Over this country these two Irish lovers of sport could have put to the blush the miracles of Con Cregan of Charles Lever's fancy.

Joe welcomed the ladies warmly, beaux, hunters and grooms; all went over to Hackensack, across the river, this day, and more promised to go. Those who went had even more than one day's sport which was enjoyed under great difficulty; but the gallantry of the huntsmen and the devotion of the fair participants to the chase could not make an impassable country, passable. The inns were few and far between, and abominably bad, and the refreshers too meagre to claim indulgence even for the sport's sake and, although many a fine Reynard-rouge was started out of the impenetrable thickets and rocks, few of the ladies were in at the death, "and precious few of the men either, for that

matter," as remarked by a fair sportswoman. Without the brush, at the beaux' side of the saddle, half the enjoyment was lost, for without that precious brush (tail), or the pads (feet), tokens of courageous riding, what incentive was left? They are to hunting what the Media is to the poet. Consequently, this condition of affairs naturally could not last, and the sport must be found elsewhere, under fairer conditions.

These were the tenor of the remarks, and in the fall of about the year 1874, or at one of the preliminary meets, which took the nature of a preamble to the permanent inauguration of the Meadow Brook hunt, discussion was invited, and the Misses Oelrichs thought in concurrence, that if the middle weight Donohoe, Jr., could not be with the hounds at the death, Hackensack must be abandoned entirely to this more adaptable country.

Mr. Jay frequently drove down his four-in-hand to Garden City, with Mrs. Jay, at the commencement of the hunting season, always bringing along a merry company who had sent their hunters on ahead. There were frequently several gay tandems present and brakes filled with ladies also. It was upon these occasions, when even the resources of Garden City were taxed that the impracticability of Hackensack was prominently brought out, and it was concluded that if ladies were to enliven the scene, Hempstead would have to be the rendezvous. The agents of the late Alexander T. Stewart, and later on the executors, offered accommodations suitably modernized to meet the demands

of a critical riding assembly not surpassed for knowing what they require, and straight riding. At one of these very first meets at Garden City, one handsome young man was dressed in a rich and elegant costume of chestnut brown cloth, trimmed with green, his crown topped with a broad felt hat, with handsome green plume. He had a face classical enough to be worthy of an ancient Greek statue, but the sight of this fine cavalier did not seem to make an agreeable inpression, and he was requested to retire to la belle France and doff his uniform. Many were the speculations as to who this mysterious stranger was: and he is frequently referred to among our upper ten in their riding recollections to this day.

At this early meet, after the hunt lunch had been done ample justice to, and Mr. Frank Griswold had sounded the hunting horn, mounted on an animal of well bred form, I saw the wife of Mr. A. Belmont Purdy, who is a very ardent lover of a good horse. Mrs. Purdy is tall and slim, but with a very superior figure, and much witching grace. She rides at about 120 pounds. Her bright brown eyes, lovely teeth and olive complexion are faultless. The pleasureable anticipation of a good day's sport kindle her eyes, and her face is sunlit as the South. She was not riding her favorite cobby-built horse, which she idolized, but her second choice, who had great staying power, and was a 15.3-hands hunter.

A very spirited blood bay hunter galloped by, and an inquiring stranger was told that it was Mrs. Douglas, who, with her bright, flashing eyes, handsome head, neat outline of figure and almost perfectly modeled

features, is witching the world of horsemanship. Still another, on a golden sorrel, is Miss Morgan, a very bold rider to hounds, who never flinches from any country the hounds may be on the scent of. You can find her in the thickest of the fight; with an eye like a hawk, she is selecting the best course to pursue. But she will resent advice. Her favorite jumps are level brooks, and, give her a good "take off and landing," she will tell you she cares not how wide nor how deep.

Miss Morgan gave a rival one day a very tough and hard fight for the brush, which was awarded Miss Morgan, and at a dinner party in honor of the extempore steeplechase which she won she expatiated in the following terms, it is said: "Ladies and the sterner sex: Although about the last thing I expected to be called upon to provide, I will ask you to invite your sister intimates to participate in a sport the counterpart of pleasure, which, as a health tonic, and to give exciting tone to the system, has no equal. I consider that when I am an accomplished horsewoman I will have attained the Mecca of my pilgrimage. I am only now a fair equestrienne of limited ability, but with the intuition born of my sex, know 'What a woman wills, she wills, and there is an end on't.' I will tell you any first-class saddler and habit maker may equip us for the fray, but to our friends who are not present, but who have signified an intention to be so, we must tell them that a good faithful hunter is difficult to procure; though we will help them to be well mounted both by advice and access to our stables. We require an animal with fire, still obedient to orders, gracefully arched neck,

short back, a well ribbed up animal, plenty of bone, muscle and staying power; all, in fact, [cheers from the ladies] constituting perfection, hard to find as in man. [Groans from men.] Perfection in man, indeed! I hope we may find it. Still, both beasts may be found to our liking." [Laughter from all, and cheers to Miss Morgan for her maiden forum effort.] The modest and retiring Miss Morgan was considered very successful at this, her first response.

The courtly wife of our Minister to The Hague, Mr. Isaac Bell, would occasionally encourage large fields by bringing over parties of friends, as would several members of the Jay family and the Iselins. Whatever went on in the line of horse amusement without a branch of the Iselin family taking an encouraging part? Mrs. Jay, who was a Miss Oelrich, for a long time was a most devoted lover of the sport of hunting, her penchant being for difficult riding, and her faultless menage was pronounced.

Mrs. Douglass also is a very excellent performer, to whom no enjoyment is keener, and nothing pleases her so as to be mounted on a spirited thoroughbred of Glencoe strain, who is enacting the role of blackguard, for with her positive manner, although quiet demeanor, she will soon make him a well-bred, respectable boy, afterwards fit for a mild Vassar girl to make her debut with. Mrs Douglas will often exclaim to her groom; "If I fail, you must let me know where, so I am sure he will not repeat the error."

No keener lover of meadow and vale in Kildare can be found than Miss Work, who thinks that more

matrimonially eligible young ladies should be seen in the hunting field, as horsemanship contains the very pith and marrow of all the theories of love and love-making of the virile as well as of the fair sex. Miss Work can certainly perform, if she desires, some bewitchingly coquetish and charmingly bewitching horsemanship. She is very fond of cool shaded riding retreats along country roads. Her brother George is a very cool-headed rider, who has apparently been of much service in perfecting her system of horsemanship. Miss Work is personally handsome, is devoted to her horses, and she posesses several very fine ones. A certain marquis of very ancient family was completely carried away with her exhibitions of cool courage. Demanding an introduction he was informed it was only possible upon the condition that he should at least follow her or be in at the death of Reynard. Unfortunately, the marquis, accustomed as most of the Parisians to be in at the death in imagination only, and experienced alone in Boulevard hippodrome effect, had neither the courage nor the mount to win his spurs, and he sadly sailed back to la belle France with his heart broken.

Mrs. S. S. Sands, Jr., rides beautifully and is well up in all those little requirements of the riding art which make perfection. She has the best of taste and judgment in her habits and her mounts. She prefers thoroughbreds. Her husband has one of the best of hands and is always seen in the foremost flight over any hunting country. He evidently has imparted to his wife some portion of his fearlessness, for she rides

with an Amazon's courage. Mrs. Sands believes that over a bad country words are feminine, and that the sport calls for masculine action; so she reserves all her strength upon conversational topics until the end of the run. Mrs. Sands has a charming abode at Hempstead during the hunting season, and Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Sands, Jr., entertain delightfully their numerous friends.

To see is to admire the magnetic and masterly manner Miss Hecksher lifts her hunter along when he shows signs of fatigue. She is "en rapport," though the pace the fastest and fences stiffest—is fondest of "in and out" jumps, and it would be difficult to see anything finer on any steeplechase course. Being a good judge of pace, she is never far away from the hounds. In figure Miss Hecksher is petite; height neighboring five feet four inches; has charming hazel eyes and half rosy complexion, making her a pretty equestrienne figure. While passionately fond of the thoroughbred, the highest type of horse, still she has her favorites among the lowly if they are faithful sons and daughters of their mistresses, and properly devote their lives to the amusement of the human race. Miss Hecksher's ideal day is one rounded off with an afternoon of successful runs with hounds when autumn leaves are falling, and the western sky aflame with the radiance of the setting sun. It is then, she says, she is at her best.

Miss Winthrop presents a very fascinating appearance mounted on her chestnut hunter, standing sixteen hands. Miss Winthrop is very pretty, slender,

and wears her hair in a coil braid. She has large, eloquent eyes of the kind, it is said, British officers in India raved over, as alone being possessed by the Nautsch girls. Miss Winthrop believes that a horse should be corrected for a fault upon the spot, and when the whip is needed the rod should not be spared nor child spoiled.

Miss Coates has hunted extensively abroad and at Newport, and is very successful in taking the standing jump. She has been accustomed to long rides from childhood. She says that in England and Ireland hard riding appears to encourage great thirst among the hunting men, and that while she likes to see the men making merry over their wine and good cheer after great fatigue and danger, she does not believe in their developing the remarkable and astounding powers of ingurgitation of sponges. Miss Coates thinks one of the great charms of outdoor riding at Hempstead is the sweet perfume of the heather and to breath the resinous odor of Long Island pines.

With the Fox Hounds.

IF there is one thing more than another that strikes Americans travelling in the fall of the year through England for the first time, as being extraordinary, it is to observe the passion for fox hunting that all Englishmen and women of position possess. To the untravelled student, apart from its aspect of cruelty, it appears to be the fag end of sport, and hence the suggestion naturally arises that the English must have exhausted every channel of outdoor pleasure, fox hunting being the residue of the pool.

But mature observation compels a corrected impression that there is much to be said in its favor, especially when taking into consideration that the high state of cultivated country in England precludes the possibility of having anything akin to the majestic sport of our great west.

The rural Englishman, taught from childhood the skillful management of his pony, finds himself at manhood's estate the master of his horse. The saddle is in England far more used than the vehicle. Nor is

it confined to the leisure classes. The humblest lad at work on his employer's farm is permitted to gallop off upon errands, if speed be needed. Then, having reached a certain stage of the riding art, the youth sighs to excel in the science, and his ambition to join in the chase follows.

The votaries of fox hunting term it the noble science, and regard it by common consent as the perfection of hunting. The explanation or apology the English give for such an apparently undignified sport is that the fox is possessed of extraordinary speed and endurance, and being found in reasonable numbers affords a fair chance for sport. The English, and the Irish gentry as well, do not consider the size of the animal as necessary to add dignity to the pastime.

There are certain stringent laws regarding rights to traverse country, but they are not recorded in any written rules. They are traditional records held by the masters of fox hounds from time immemorial—each fox hunting pack of hounds possessing its sole territory. The title deeds to an estate would not be more vigorously defended than the rights to hunt certain counties, handed down for generations.

The late William H. Vanderbilt was invited to witness a hunt in one of the crack sporting counties in England, or as much of it as he could see from the top of Mr. Junius Morgan's coach, and he told one of the members of the Morgan family, whose guest he was, that he never saw a grander sight, and that if he had his life to live over again he would learn to ride after the hounds. The part which Mr. Vanderbilt enjoyed

most was the start. The excitement produced by these bursts is a very extraordinary and inspiring one. A battle will not witness men more jealous of getting forward. Nor are triumphs in the forum or the bar more keenly enjoyed.

Neither accident nor illness will induce a man to remain with his friend, and "Sauve qui peut" is the motto of the day.

It is a glorious sight to see two or three hundred of the flower of England's horses charge ox fences, brooks or gates in the frenzy of their first charge. The Duke of Beaufort piloted several American ladies at a meet of his hounds some few years since, Mrs. Hicks-Lord of Washington Square being of the number. A Connecticut photographer took an excellent portrait of her while her hunter was just rising at a brook, some copies of which have been shown in New York.

There are about 150 packs kept in England and Wales, to say nothing of Ireland. The average first cost of each pack is about $7,500, some costing nearly three times and even four times that sum. There is expended in England at least $4,000,000 for the sport of fox hunting. The apology Englishmen give for expending this vast sum for one item of pleasure is that it encourages the breed of horses and keeps up a high standard of health and courage or pluck and improved bodily constitution of those who partake in the sport.

Some rarely good specimens of fox hounds bring enormous figures. At the sale of a Mr. Obaldestons in 1840, one lot of five couples was bought in at $6,800,

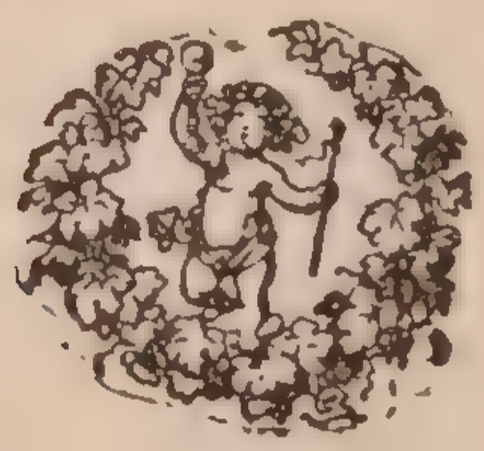
and in 1870 Lord Baltimore sold his entire dog pack at an average of $740 per couple.

The best blood of the present day is to be found in the packs of Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Yarborough, Duke of Beaufort and Lord Fitzhardinge. The period of the sport of fox hunting commences with what is known as the cub hunting season, beginning in September or October and the fox hunting season ending in March or April. Cub hunting is merely for the purpose of scattering the foxes and breaking in the hounds and men. Some sportsmen enjoy it more than the pleasure of fox hunting, but it is not intended to be a sport. Hounds are hunted with a master, a first and second whip. These positions are always filled by gentlemen, excepting in some instances the second whip is a servant. There is one part of this sport I always regarded as showing unnecessary brutality, and is at the "kill." It is customary for the huntsman to dismount, get in among the hounds, take hold of and hold the fox aloft. This is done to enable the hounds to get wind and encourage the laggard hounds; then the fox is thrown to them and torn limb from limb. It is this worrying process that appears the refinement of unnecessary cruelty. When the Prince of Wales was a young fellow he was acting-master of a famous pack, and he refused to perform this act of brutality. Since then it has been only the habit among about half of the masters to follow this custom. The words "Tally ho! Tally ho! Tally ho!" mean the fox is seen, which is executed by the first whip. If the fox has run back, "Tally ho, back! Tally ho,

back!" If the hounds are required to come out of covert without the use of whip, the words "Elup! Eluppe! Eluppe!" are used.

The enormous strength required in fox hunting is incredible to those who have not endured the fatigues of a long day's run. It is the sport of youth and early manhood. Few men or women can get up the requisite strength to endure its toils or perils after they have passed their grand climacteric.

There are certainly some brilliant exceptions, for gray hairs are no impediment among some of the most prominent men in England. I remember seeing a clergyman of eighty once who was the image of the late Samuel J. Tilden, hunting over a tremendously ugly country, well up with the first flight of hounds, and the rain which was incessant, was coming down "cats and dogs."



The Objects of Racing.

ALTHOUGH thousands upon almost countless thousands in the year visit the race course, how few are there among them who have the faintest conception of what the true object of racing is. What varied interests are affected by the rise or decline of the sport! What difference it would make in the lives of thousands of men and their families.

In the first place, the sole object for which horse racing was inaugurated and confessedly supported by the influential powers to which it owes its existence, was the encouragement of the breed of horses.

In the great breeding establishments in foreign countries the government affords material support, and derive their best infusion and crosses from the turf winners on both sides of the parental house.

There it is—national defence—that is the factor that gives the encouragement to, and draws the supply from them. Now there is only one way to form a definite conclusion as to stoutness and speed, and that is by competition. The best breeders or judges of good stock could not arrive at a precise opinion of value without it. For, lacking that guide, there would only be external form, which would be likely to produce a handsome, but a horse of weak stamina

Thus it will be seen, that the very essence of the life of racing exists in honest racing generally and honest handicapping particularly.

Almost every novice knows that handicapping is apportioning the weight of racers in accordance with age and merit. It is undoubtedly true in this connection to say that many men will run their stock one or two seasons without winning, designedly to deceive the handicapper, get off the weight, and patiently await the supreme moment for one grand coup. It is undoubtedly true also that a shrewd handicapper, knowing his business, will not be deceived by performances, and has his own particular pet methods of finding out the relative merits of the horses.

The handicapper's is generally considered a very trying position, as he is constantly hearing the remarks of disappointed starters of horses. There are only a very few really expert men in the United States at this business, and the well-known J. G. K. Lawrence is not at the foot of the list by any means, but it is the running that is the general rule the handicapper becomes dependent upon.

This bad practice of running horses to lose is so common upon the turf, that it is a general saying here, and across the water, that a well-managed bad horse is better than a badly managed good one.

Bookmakers have much to do respecting the complexion of race course affairs. They demand large fields of horses to make what is known as "round" betting, and what the racing public wants in the race-horse entry line Mr. Bookmaker will probably sup-

ply, but under some one else's name, so that it is not readily traceable to him.

In the matter of all great races, positive secrecy is absolutely required respecting the ability of an entered horse, if he promises well. To be straightforward or candid would almost insure his defeat, for there are hundreds of rascals ready for a job to destroy his health or his legs, if the opportunity offered, and an argus-eyed, constant supervision is everlastingly entailed thereby. None know this better than all owners of famous horses, like the Lorillards, Dwyers, Cassatts, Scotts and others. Neither must it be thought that because horse-racing has its evils it should be abolished any more than growing vines for grapes should be stopped because the distillations therefrom make intoxication, or that the growing wheat should terminate because speculation is done in the crops. It is undoubtedly true that racing morals are to-day at a low ebb, but there are so many at work at crooked objects that the day is soon coming when the frauds now practiced will fail of their object, and when all are engaged in the same unworthy deceit, the end must be that they will all alike fail and the evil will work out its own cure. The betting ring is a necessary evil. Exuberant and highflying youth of inexperience require depleted exchequers to reduce them to sobriety. And the exuberance of rich old railroad magnates, so often seen on the race course accompanied by their Miss Claras or Mauds, also require an occasional depleted purse as a safety valve for their speculative tendencies. Very few people not

specially interested in racing know the exact meaning of the term thoroughbred, or what constitutes one. It is that nothing is a thoroughbred but what is derived from the English Stud book. All are running stock. Every horse or mare is registered there, and by common consent this is accepted as the test of pure breeding.

All horses, the produce of mares and by stallions seen therein, are called thoroughbreds; all others half breds, or "cold bloods," no matter how high a proportion of pure blood possessed by them.

Much of our trotting stock is well bred, but not to be compared in blood to the thoroughbred.

The chief roots of the thoroughbred are the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian, imported in the eighteenth century into England, and the Godolphin Arabian, first used as a sire in 1731. In breeding, however, it is not desirable, either theoretically or practically, to go back more than eight or nine removes from the Godolphin, and from the other roots still greater distances. Many people not well informed think we have some great race horses to-day, greater by comparison than ever in the past history of the horse. It is easy to reverse this impression. First the get of Herod, foaled in 1758, bred by the Duke of Cumberland, produced 497 winners, and realized more than $1,000,000, and this horse's blood was so vitiated that to-day he would not be classed a thoroughbred, Now Matchem, foaled in 1748, was a fine racehorse, and as a sire showed 354 winners and $750,000, to his credit. The great Eclipse, bad tempered brute that

he was, always endeavored to destroy his riders when opportunity offered. His winning produce netted $790,000, and won 344 times. Are we improving the breed of the thoroughbred? I do not say nay, but Ratalpan ran seventy-one races in the four years he was on the turf. Thormanby as a two-year-old ran fifteen times, and as a Derby winner, after these performances, was perfectly sound.

The strongest objection can be found to racing in the two-year-old form. It is undoubtedly true that to-day he is more speedy than formerly, but is the reverse of lasting, according to his speed. On April 2, 1885, in a time match between Le Comte and Lexington, four years old. Lexington won—did the four miles, with 103 pounds up, in 7 minutes 19½ seconds. Creditable enough; but with weight taken into account, one-third of a second per furlong slower than the English horses of the best record were doing at the same time. It is likely that we are not up to English performances yet, but it is fair to consider the loose assertions and unsupported evidence of many of the alleged records of single mile performances in the last century absurd. Such, for instance, as a mile a minute. Stoutness was undoubtedly more common in the olden time than now, but our present racer is in every way a more elegant specimen of the perfect beast, standing as he does at least a hand higher, and more symmetrically curved in fascinating outline. At the same time it is to be regretted that we are attaining this early speed at the cost of permanent general improvement of the breed, the original pur-

pose of racing, and when that purpose is ignored the days of racing prosperty are numbered. The present purpose of breeding for the two-year-old stakes, and finding purchasers for that market, undoubtedly does more than anything else to destroy the great desideratum for which racing should exist—which is the production of the best type of useful horse and good, sound roadsters. Nor does it appear probable that, while the great monetary inducements abound, breeders or buyers are going to desist from catering to this market. However, unless this is corrected, what is going to restore the former condition of hardy constitution and legs of steel, lamentably deficient at present. If, years ago, our government had a suitable breeding establishment, and a requisite number of trained horses at the commencement of the civil war, it is not an exaggeration to say that the whole cost of maintenance for a period of almost fifty years would have been met with the saving of a year or so, by the ability of the government to rapidly move large bodies of men from point to point. Some of our best regular officers and admittedly the most intelligent cavalry men, such as Lieutenant-General Philip Sheridan and General A. H. Davis, have repeatedly shown the utility, economy and urgent necessity of such a breeding establishment such as for many years past I have been urging. It is sad to relate they have not been successful in having Congress make the law and appropriation therefor. In a country like ours of immense distances, not everywhere provided with railroad facilities, the necessity for the use of extensive

quantities of cavalry horses is frequently more apparent than occasion calls for in foreign territory already provided with such establishments.

The sales of surplus stock and fees for stallion service, with the governmental prestige of such an institution, if it were conducted with the ordinary regard for economy, would speedily pay its own way almost if not quite entirely. From such a one a very superior class of horses would be produced and the very best type of animal for useful purposes would speedily follow. Again, referring to the two-year-old stakes, when breeders and makers of stakes realize that to encourage two-year-old form races is to the great disadvantage of the perfect horse and against the true interests for which racing was and is intended, it is not to be doubted that such will either be entirely abandoned or discouraged by small purses. The injury that our yearlings receive from such races is readily apparent, from the lack of stamina observed later in life—partly a direct inheritance of the evil result of early overwork at too tender an age of sire and dam. The legislature of the State of New York having recognized racing as an institution of the State, by virtue of receiving into the State Treasurer's office a portion of the public receipts, I should like to see all public races under the control of a board to be designated by the Senate and Assembly. The members of our jockey clubs are too much concerned with racing themselves, too closely identified in some cases with pool-selling interests, to expect anything akin to perfect protection of the public

interests or to reform themselves. But if obliged to submit their programmes to a responsible board, and if certain rules were drawn up for their guidance and they were compelled to abide by official decisions, a far better state of affairs would exist. Betting against your own horse with the intention of robbing the public, running horses to lose, should be made a penal offence. Until something of the kind is done, the turf will not be restored to a condition of genuine utility. At the same time, some regulations as to odds laid by bookmakers could be effected in the public interest. In this country, where for instance odds of ten to one are laid, it can be confidently asserted, odds of forty to one would be the current foreign race course quotations. Five to one here, twenty to one there, and so on in the same ratio. I will be glad to see the time come when the bookmakers will not be able to plead the extortionate charges they allege are imposed npou them by the associations as an excuse for the milking process the patient public are now receiving from them.

American vs. English Horses.

AT the end of the last century and the beginning of this, half-bred horses constantly appeared on the turf, but since the establishment of the racing calendar, the thoroughbred has, with very few exceptions, alone figured at English race meetings. As long ago as 1750, in England, a race horse had been produced that it was discovered to be detrimental to continue crossing with Oriental strains. There has been much more intelligence shown in America than in England, up to a comparatively recent period, in breeding only from stallions which could stay a distance, but unfortunately we are making the same error the English have in permitting short races and early profits to control us. Inevitably this will lead to the propagation of stallions deficient in stamina and no improvement of the breed.

In long distance races the stoutly built, matured animal will inevitably race down the light one, and in short races the reverse will be the case. The love of money and lust for early gain alone induces owners to run animals before their bones are set and the tissue of their bodies fully developed. Of every 1,000 men attending race meetings 950 are indifferent to everything but profit. The magnetic influence of the bookmaker enslaves them, and the horse is only an object to make money. There are so many instances of the evil results of the debasing influence of betting that it is superfluous to enumerate them; a horse winning one day and losing the next, with the same weight, distance, in the pink of condition, and in the

same reltively valuable company. It is perfectly true that a horse may be fit one day and unfit the next, but in many particular cases it would appear probable that the influence of the Mephistopheles of the gambling ring had him accommodated to the dice box.

It is not really apparent that the race course of to-day is any advantage in the production of utility horses, as it propagates only the racing class, illy adapted for general utility purposes, seldom good at any pace but galloping, and useless for draft traffic.

If Admiral Rous, the famous authority of his day, was correct in his surmise of the reason for the great superiority the English race horses attained, that it was the damp, foggy climate of England making pasture which gave him size, vigor and appetite, Newport, R. I., and its vicinity, which closely resembles England for many months in the year, should be a good place for breeding purposes. Nothing would encourage the breed of horses and elevate the race course correspondingly so much as a grand national prize of say $25,000 for the four-year-olds and upwards, three miles, which would induce owners to show more mercy to young stock. The institution of larger stakes for longer distances would, in a great measure, preserve from accidents common to youth, and conserve their powers for greater performances than the American public has yet seen on the race course. A singular illustration of the fact that history repeats itself, is that the love of racing smouldered in the hearts of Americans during our civil war just as it did in England during their civil wars, and broke out into full flame after the restoration, when it fell to the lot of Charles II. to become one of the most distinguished patrons of the turf it had ever known. Charles II. established the course at Newmarket, built a palace and stables there, organized race meetings, and during his reign, was the largest

single-handed importer of Oriental horses. The power of Charles II. was enlisted to introduce Oriental horses through the medium of the Duke of Newcastle.

In 1667 Newcastle published his work on horsemanship, which he dedicated to Charles II. and it was through the strong impression made upon his mind and his courtiers that agents were sent to distant countries to procure Oriental horses. The duke was an exile during the commonwealth, visited various countries, and in so doing was enabled to note the peculiarities of equine stock in individual countries, and from among them he selected the Barb as his ideal of what a horse should be. The duke, than whom none was at the period more competent to judge in selection of crosses, preferred a Barbary horse, and gave decided preference after to a Spanish stallion. Soon the royal stables were filled with the cream of Barbary, Turkey, Persia and Arabia, and Charles had the finest breeding establishment in the world, and it was he who first put in motion the animal machinery which has ever since retained its impression on the English, and consequently the American blood horse. It must be assumed without fear of contradiction that those animals were mated with the Oriental importations whose offsprings were renowned turf winners.

One of the evil results of early training not before mentioned, is the impossibility of conditioning an animal at an early age, say of a three-year-old even, as compared to a four-year one, every such youngster is sent out to race and work upon imperfect and unfinished machinery. Take, for instance Stockwell, who had not eaten for two days before running for the Derby, caused by the soreness of his gums consequent upon early dentition, and who, it will be remembered, although a great favorite, failed to win.

And there are numerous other young horses that would have raced to the front had not slight maladies

incidental to youth retarded their training or operated against them upon their race day. The English are particularly lamenting the fact that they have not instituted trotting races, and consequently derived a breed of stalwart carriage horses. They also regret that they have not followed the American custom of breeding from stallions which stay a distance. Had the English had the shrewdness their experience should have given them, they would not have permitted the exportation of Messenger, by Mambrino, who, in 1768 was considered a wonderfully fast trotter for a race horse.—("Book of the Horse.") Sidney's Mambrino was the grandson of Sampson, the "strongest horse," acording to Laurence, "that ever raced before or since his time." Messenger, in America, became a progenitor of some of the best trotting stock we ever had. One of the reasons why we excel the English, not alone in the variety of horses, is the extensive ranges of pasture we have and the means for enclosure—the abundance of building wood giving us facilities for inclosing our stock from the inclemency of the weather, and another is, we have more intelligently amalgamated them with native and crossbred stock, and at times engrafted thoroughbred blood with trotting stock.

First-class trotting roadsters of the three-minute class have been produced by this crossing, although it would be hard to discover an instance of a close thoroughbred cross producing any very low time record animal for trotting, breeders contending that low time cannot be accomplished because there is an opposing nature in the thoroughbred fixed and established by continuous breeding that annuls the inheritance of the trotter and fails to yield to it. Although the English people boast of the superiority of the shape of their horses, I fail to see it. Madison Square Garden horse shows have compared very favor-

ably with Islington. While there were in some instances more numerous entries in particular classes, such for instance, as the Hunters, at Islington, there was a better and more distinguished looking lot of all round equine performers here.

If Great Britain would introduce cross-breeding with the thoroughbred and Arabian, and form arenas for training, discontinue early training and short distance courses, great benefits would accrue to her, and in a few years they would be perhaps able to meet us on our own ground, the trotting track. They are able to meet us on the running course to-day, and at times excel our thoroughbred race horses' performances, simply from the fact that with this particular class of horse we have fallen into the same error that our English brethren have—of short courses, too early training, and racing too young.

Anecdotes of the Turf.

COMPARISONS are odious, but it is a pity that we have not among us at horse auctions some one like the late Richard Tattersall, of England. He was a man who, from his simple honesty and straightforward, decisive manner, it was impossible to misunderstand. He was a perfect terror to crooked men, and was one of a kind that the best men liked best. He spoke his mind to every one, peer and groom alike, who he considered were about to try on ways that were devious, and his sentiments were pretty unmistakable. If the servants or agents of the owner bid when the sale was "without reserve" he has been known to send the whole stud away after the first horse, declaring in tones like a view halloa piercing the heavens, that he would tell a lie for no man.

Richard Tattersall died suddenly in 1858, at Dover, in his seventy-fourth year, from exhaustion brought on by the heat. A large fortune and the respect and esteem of the community awaits any one in the large cities of the United States, who, resisting all temptations to crooked ways, will conduct horse and carriage auction sales upon strictly honest principles, and, apart from the morality or immorality of devious management, has a firm belief that honesty is the best policy. I don't think such sales have ever really been tried in this country for any length of time—not sufficiently so, at least, to give them a fair trial. Plenty of men have started out with the determination to conduct horse auctions with a strict regard for honesty, but

few have had the patience to remain in the field and conduct business with rectitude, rigorously rejecting the gains possible by deviation from moral paths. Mr. Tattersall's father and the Prince Regent had once been partners in the London *Morning Post*, and had to pay $29,000 damages for a delicate court disclosure. Shortly after this the paper passed into other hands, but the royal connection with the son remained good. Tattersall had a very high social position. Count Munster was on good terms with him. When George Guelph became king, he cautioned Tattersall not to forget, if any of the friends of his youth got into difficulties, to send him word. And whenever any of his old acquaintances were "out at elbows" royal checks for from $500 to $2,500 would be sent them upon solicitation of Tattersall. Parson Harvey was an old friend of Tattersall, and would frequently attend his sales. Before Tattersall would have his sale half finished, Harvey would be asleep. "Let him sleep, poor fellow, it's a sweeter place than the garret he has!" Tattersall would say. One of Tattersall's friends was a racing man of wide repute, named Vernon, who wandered all over England. This Vernon was a character. He used to paint his horse like a leopard, and ride through the sporting towns. But no one attracted more attention than the man who had a spavined, aged white horse, who had painted in black letters upon his sides, "This horse has never been treated to E's Embrocation, which cures all horse ailments," and immediately behind this horse came another of the same color, but a magnificent specimen of a charger, high-knee action full of fire and ambition, upon whose sides were painted, "This horse was worse than he who has gone before, but he did use E's Embrocation."

As the people of leisure are increasing so greatly in the United States, they are rapidly learning that

more all-around pleasure can be obtained in combination with health in horse back-riding, than in any other form of utilization of the horse.

To ladies who have taken up the art of equestrianism do we owe much. For some reason or another women are often pluckier than men in this branch of pleasurable performance. Whether it is because they are not dependent upon their activity in trade for their maintainance in case of accident, or because their pluck is the result of cultivation, I am not prepared to say.

But they are certainly enthusiasts, and if they had lived in the days of the emperor, who made his horse a consul, they would have cast their influence in favor of a vote of confidence in the government. The ladies of the Empire State are not surpassed in their rivalry for fine saddle horses by that of any of the enthusiasts of the great ridings of Yorkshire, to which the great English sporting blood owes its influence. And it is to the sporting blood of American women that the parks of the principal cities of the United States show that our fair American Dianas rival their transatlantic cousins in their "winding of the horn," and their carrying of "the hawke fair."

I knew a lady who had a strong desire to possess some Arabs, and so she imported three. I was invited frequently to accompany her in her rides, making at the time many studies of the characteristics of the Arab. The leading features in a race we found to be that they were very quick in getting off, and like most horses with their hocks well under them, showed a disposition to cut each other down from the very post. Their speed was not very remarkable, but they could keep their top notch up to about two miles. They have very good legs naturally, although with a tendency to calf-knees. They are de-

plorable stumblers. One of their strong characteristics, attributable to their compact form, is their overstepping, which sometimes goes to the extent of twelve to fourteen inches, whereas the English horses seldom do more than clear their footprint. The Arab experts lay great stress upon this point as indicative of the highest racing capacity. Light greys and bays are the most approved colors.

Arabs are highly courageous, and learn to stop and turn quickly in a short space. The finest Arab is remarkably beautiful, with small head, fine eyes, neat ears, and the clean jowl of his patrician brother, the thoroughbred. The residence of this lady, who was so devoted a horsewoman, as to import her own sons of the desert, was surrounded with all the associations of hunting and racing, so dear to horsemen. It was the home of her family for generations, and nestled at the foot of a hill, overlooking the Great South Bay, Long Island. As far as the eye could reach, one could see the broad Atlantic Ocean beyond the sand dunes; a rude wooden lighthouse was at the foot of a lane, leading down to the deep, blue seaboard. As the breezes swept over us on a beautiful July day, we saw the yellow harvest fields on the left-hand side, and Long Island woodlands growing green down to the very edge of the beach. Following the gently curving lines of creamy spray, we saw the outward bound ocean steamer on her European errand, followed by clangorous sea fowl.

There were many stories told in those bright days around the festive board of the eccentricities of horses. How it was necessary to tie up Lucetta by a piece of twine, or she would have been nervous and broken everything. How Pickpocket would never let his jockey mount except he had a coat over his white satin jacket, simply because he once picked his owner's pocket of a white handkerchief, and became so

frightened at the flopping, that he clinched his teeth and would not drop it. How Lightning would never go into a stable unless buffed, and then he would enter by himself. A story was told of the Godolphin Arabian, that, when he flattened out his own cat by mistake, he missed it so much that he pined from remorse, and savaged every other cat that was put in to him. These and many other stories were related from time to time, which made the sunny hours of summer mornings, and the fireside nights of winter glow with interest at this bright homestead. The desire for companionship is so strong in some horses that they actually lose flesh unless in company. No cat would satisfy Gemma di Vergy, and his trainer was obliged to have a boy sit by day in his stable and read a newspaper, and at night to sleep close by. The habit began when he was a yearling. He climbed over a partition, no man can tell how to this day, so as to get at the window, and was espied with his feet on the window-sill, gravely looking out into the yard.

Hints for Drivers.

TO drive a single horse is a very simple act, and requires only a good hand and a good eye. The near rein should pass over the forefinger, and the off between it and the middle finger, and then pass through the hand, descending from the palm to the side of the knees. The hands should never be higher than an inch or two above the knees, and should reach several inches beyond them; this will enable the driver to pull up short in an emergency. Nothing looks worse than to see the hands raised high. The thumb keeps the near rein firmly against the forefinger, and it is a good plan to pass both reins out of the hand between the little and ring fingers, so, without giving an undue pressure, they could not slip through the fingers should the horse stumble.

This will save many an accident for it will prevent the thumb and forefinger suffering the rein to slip, and the reins are held more securely and with less fatigue to the hand. It is better to avoid the use of the check rein, for only in the case of people too lazy to keep a firm hand is the check rein of any use whatever. Of course, if you throw the reins loosely and indifferently over the horse's back, a check rein is admirable; people who drive this way, had better be driven and not try to drive themselves.

A check rein confines the animal's head, and retards that quick and perfect control of the horse's powers for the essential exertion of recovery. There are cases of old and infirm horses, early applicants for the bone yard, which depend upon the check rein for support, and to such it would be advisable only to continue its use. Very straight-necked horses, of

which there are a few accustomed to hanging heavily upon the bit, are also better driven with the check rein.

Neither hold too tight a rein, for a gagged horse will constantly be making mistakes. Allow the mouth of the horse to just feel your hand, and give the head a fair amount of liberty. This leads the horse to play with the bit, which is the acme of perfection in "bitting" the animal. It means a tendency to keep within the bit and avoid the pressure, which a finely bitted mouth will always show. In a highly bred horse, when the hand is relaxed, there will be a constant inclination to press forward. Going up hill always give the horse his head, even perfect liberty. Down hill take a short hold of the reins, keep your knees straight and feet well out, ready to sustain a stumble, but without pulling the animal too far back, and avoid hitting his hocks against any part of the carriage.

In driving a pair be particular that they are so hitched as to pull evenly together. Two slow horses are better than one good horse and a "plug," for the whip applied to one only makes the other more excitable, and it is impossible to make them draw evenly. The coupling rein of the free horse should be taken off and the idle one let out. The pole piece should be your guiding point always. If both are slack, the end of the pole steady, neither horse shouldering it, you may be assured that they are each doing their share. If, however, the pole is shouldered, that horse is a rogue and making the other horse do more than his share, the pole being kept straight by the pressure of the shoulder instead of the pull at the traces. If either horse is pulling away from the pole he is doing more than his share—then take in the coupling rein accordingly. If both horses should spread from the pole, which is a very ugly trick, alter

the coupling reins of both, letting them out for shouldering, taking them in for the opposite. When you have active and safe goers, avoid coupling reins on teams. However in visiting towns and long delays they are useful for show purposes, as they will stand in more majestic form and appear better borne up. When going around a curve flip gently with the whip the outside horse, combined by pulling the outside rein. Do not, however, use the whip frequently, in fact as seldom as possible, but determinedly when necessary, to remind the horses of their work. It is a good thing to occasionally change the position of your teams as this will lessen the formation of bad habits. This will make what was a puller from the pole bear to it when reversed.

Teach your horses to know your voice when in the stable and out on the road—it soothes them and is invaluable in an emergency. If your horses are restless avoid passing and repassing noisy bridges with loose planks, and seek retired drives along country roads. If you are not feeling well, or are weak from illness, be driven, do not drive; a spirited team that has successfully and unpunished run away with you should be mounted immediately afterward, each in turn by a hard riding groom, and made to run on a straight road until they are thoroughly pumped out, and then flogged.

I have tried it with various other treatments, and found it the only really certain cure. Keep a cool head in danger, and never jump from a vehicle unless it is certain death from an impending precipice, or something of that nature, and in nine cases out of ten you will come out "this side up with care."

Experts on Horseback.

HER Imperial Majesty the Empress of Austria, and the ex-Queen of Naples cared nothing for riding until comparatively late in life. Now both of them are considered in Europe, from a horsey scientific point of view, at the head of the procession. The Empress' style of riding is considered perfect, her manner of mounting, sitting and management is said to be necessary to see to appreciate. It is said that she finds little difficulty in standing upon a bare-backed steed and driving four others in long reins. She has attached to her palace a circus, and encourages the ladies of her court by prizes and evidences of personal favors when they emulate her example. The Empress is also said to be personally very beautiful, in combination with rare sweetness and charity. From overriding she has contracted some trouble that rarely permits her to ride now any distance. So that even empresses have their pet diversions taken from them.

Ladies who ride and ride well are frequently prouder of the accomplishment than if they played the piano with fine execution or sung in the highest style of the vocal gamut. So, to those who are not quite adepts at the art, here are some elementary points: When your horse breaks into a canter never lay a grim grip upon the pommel; many who claim to be good performers I have seen do this unconsciously. It is often amusing to watch the grave faces of fair equestriennes who lean very far forward and over their horses' necks, where a smile and an erect seat would have greatly enhanced the charm of the scene.

It is a generally accepted idea that riding, like

music and the fine arts, should be learned as a child; that the earlier learned the better and the greater the proficiency. This is an erroneous opinion that had better be rejected. Children of a very tender age should not be allowed to ride. They cannot do so unless put upon ponies which are lamb-like in demeanor, and, growing accustomed to such and none other, become nervous and frightened when mounted upon spirited animals. They have neither the physical endurance to manage nor the science to control, consequently they suffer themselves to be controlled and extinguish their opportunity to become accomplished horsewomen. These remarks are especially made with respect to little girls; boys have not such delicate frames nor weakly wrists, nor are their shoulders apt to go awry, as little girls' do who sit sideways. If boys tumble off it does not much matter, in many cases doing them all the good in the world. Like rubber balls, they can bound back again. It is absolutely essential that in order to ride well you shall not be a coward. Your horse will surely find it out, will laugh at you, for horses certainly do frequently gammon their riders. Without determination, courage and confidence, do not aspire to the art. Timidity alone is an insurmountable obstacle, and cowardice becomes imparted to the horse. Do not ask a child to ride who has no decided taste for it, for like unwilling hands with pencil and brush thrust in them, the art will not be elevated. A love for horses, with a decided taste, will overcome all difficulties, with the innate facility that a determined enthusiast accomplishes; and the magic sense of touch, the facile delicacy of manipulation will soon come that makes good hands.

Gaudy dressing for girls, boys, women or men on horseback should be severely condemned, and stamps the person as one of inferior taste. Ribbons, colored veils, showy flowers, should be shunned, and corduroy

or velvet with men should be discarded. Quietness even to severity should be shown.

The invention of rising on the saddle is credited to Dan Seffert, an expert steeple-chase rider, and a master of the cross-country art in detail. We should thank him heartily for it, as it is a decided improvement on the jog trot adopted by cavalry, which, while imparting to their purposes uniformity of motion in line riding, is not suited to men or women, either for appearances or for health. It does not happen to all to ever acquire the knack of guiding from "balance." Many pass a lifetime without practically comprehending the meaning of the term. It is difficult to acquire, but amply repays the labor. Those who do not ride from balance do so from the horse's head, a practice very reprehensible. Nothing can be worse than to ride one horse to the exclusion of others. Horses vary immensely as to their action and going, the gait of each being as different as the music of Wagner and Donizetti, so if you do not become accustomed to a variety you will take your idea from one alone, and when upon a strange animal find yourself completely at sea.

Should you desire to learn how to take a jump, commence in this way: Put up a jump a foot high; then raise it a few inches daily until the requisite height has been reached. If your mount does his work well reward the beast with a lump of sugar or handful of oats afterward. Do not confine your horse's head in coming to the jump. A good hunter will shake free his head coming to a jump. A confined head frequently means a roll over. A horse's instinct tells him where to put his feet, and to pull, drag or saw at a horse irritates him and deprives him of sense or sight. Lean forward as you come to your jump, with body as limber as possible. When in air, say, midway, gradually incline backward until, when the horse is landing, you are far back, by which time you may take a firm

but not violent hold of the reins, so as to sustain the animal if it should stumble. All of which requires a level, cool head, coming of practice alone. One day of practice is worth all the theory in the world.

It would be difficult to find any country on the globe where better all-round horsemen are seen than in Ireland, and Punchestowne is the place to see the work done to perfection. A mere lad by the name of Paddy Gavin, weighing sixty-three pounds, rode and won the Prince of Wales' steeplechase on Blush-rose, and youthful Master McDonogh's feats should not be permitted to go unsung. There was an awfully severe country laid out in Bandon, county Cork, where all the celebrated horses of the country were entered, (some of which were afterwards sold to the great Marquis of Waterford for a stiff price, so they were not a contemptible lot), the distance was four and a half miles, and McDonogh, who was riding Sailor, fell four times, yet so active was his pilot that he was as quickly in the saddle as out of it. At this fourth and last fall the horse chested the bank, flung his rider some distance from him, and having a tight hold of the horses' reins, the throat lash gave way and the bridle came off. As Sailor was getting on his legs McDonogh jumped into the saddle, and setting his horse going was soon in pursuit of the leaders. There were in the one and a half miles yet to be travelled nearly ten awkward double post and rail fences. The third impediment was a "boreen," so called in Ireland, which is a narrow lane with an intricate bank in and out of it. The riders of two noted horses, Valentine and Monarch, had bridles, consequently they could steady their horses and jump in and out "clear." Not so with McDonogh, who had only a whip to steady and guide his horse. Steering the animal for the "boreen," and, putting him at his best pace and without laying an iron on it,

he went from field to field and landed alongside the leaders. The riders of the other horses, seeing he had no power to guide his mount, endeavored to put him outside a post that had to be gone round to make the turn into the straight line for home; but the young jockey, stretching his arms almost round his horse's nose, by some means got him straight, and making the remainder of the running, won easily. Valentine's rider objected to Sailor for not having carried a bridle, but Mr. McDonogh was able to draw the weight, and was declared the winner amid the wildest enthusiasm.

The other extraordinary performance occurred on his pet mount, the celebrated Irish horse Brunette. When riding Mountain Kate the previous day over the same course he was crossed by an old woman at an ugly up-bank. The horse struck the woman in the chest and very nearly put an end to his rider also, who in the fall got his collar bone and six ribs broken.

The late Dr. Russell, of Cashel, was quickly by his side, and telling the Marquis of Waterford of the serious nature of McDonogh's injuries, the marquis sent for his carriage, and with two post-horses speedily took the invalid to the hotel in Cashel. The collar bone set and bandaged, he passed a miserable night. Brunette was in the race next day, and as he would allow no other man to sit on his back, he got out of his bed, mounted the mare, and, bandaged as he was and in great pain, won the race, much to the amazement of the Marquis of Waterford, whose Regalia was second, his lordship remarking, jestingly, that if he had known Brunette's master would have ridden her he would have left him lying at the bank. Astonishing as these equine acts are the day is not distant when such performances will be equalled here, as the love of racing and riding has taken a complete hold of the people of the United States.

Horse Dealers' Tricks.

ONE would necessarily imagine that a thorough knowledge of horse flesh would be the prime necessity for a horse dealer, but a one of human nature is far more essential. It is far easier to find a horse for a purchaser than a purchaser for a horse.

Grooms are often heard to say, "the party which belongs to the bay or chestnut horse," and there is more force in the expression than might be supposed. The man who has bought a horse which he is afraid to ride, lest he should fall off, afraid not to ride lest he should be called a coward, and afraid to sell lest he should be a loser, is literally the slave and not the master of the beast. It is he that belongs to the horse, and not the horse that belongs to him.

During the next month or two there will be many visits to horse dealers' establishments with a view to summer equipment in horse flesh, particularly for the saddle.

Dealers have now in their stables a stock of horses of various dispositions and afflicted with a variety of infirmities, and it is a dealer's business to find a customer for every horse. Like the clerical tailor who told a young curate that in a certain coat he would be able to hold any views he pleased, a dealer has generally one or two horses which would suit any rider or

driver, but they are kept as a last resource. The horse dealer's theory is that every man and horse has his little peculiarities.

Not only does he try to fit particular men to particular horses, but a shrewd dealer varies his treatment of customers according to their different dispositions. If a nervous man comes to him to buy a nice, quiet saddler, he takes him to some far away street, far from the elevated roads and noisy vehicles. The horse is given some soothing medicine, and the customer thinks him a paragon of virtue, a horse with whom he believes he can "live happily with forever after." He anxiously purchases him at the price of equine perfection, for he could not have asked a fairer trial, and he requires no conditions.

A general smashup soon follows, and the sold buyer eagerly looks around among his dear friends to find a purchaser for his prize. If the customer happens to be a recently graduated collegian, come to buy a nice, quiet hunter, he takes him to a convenient farm in Westchester. Two or three steady horses are brought thither and the collegian, ambitious to go with the Meadowbrooks or Essex County Hunt, to be in the fashionable swim, is given free permission to try them over any fence he pleases. He may break all their necks and all their backs if he pleases.

Comforted by this suggestion, he perhaps rides them nervously over two or three gaps. Mild as is the ordeal, he has had what is technically known as a "liberal trial," and he cannot afterward complain if the horse turns out a worthless hunter. If he refuses to "lark" the horses himself and requests that one of the men may do it instead, the dealer is better pleased. A lad is in readiness, whose special business it is to attend to this duty. In his hands the horses go over fences like machines. As the dealer himself expresses it, "The manners of each are perfection." At last

the boy mounts a venerable screw, and throwing the reins loosely on its neck, he puts his hands in his pockets and rides over a small fence. With some practice this is not by any means an impossible feat on a quiet horse, and it has an immense influence upon the timid customer. The horse is satisfactory, and he asks for no conditions. Can he afterward grumble when the horse is lame three fourths of its time, refuses to jump water, proves dangerous at timber, and drops its hind legs into blind ditches?

The dealer's method of dealing with a hard-riding customer is quite different. He makes no suggestion about going to the Westchester or Long Island farm to him. The horses are only shown in a walled paddock. They are good looking and unquestionably sound, and they are galloped round and round the paddock or street to demonstrate the excellence of their wind. The purchaser is much complimented upon his reputation as a horseman, and the dealer declares that it is absolutely necessary to supply so hard a rider with horses which are not only perfectly sound, but also exceptionally strong and hardy in constitution. The customer finally buys three very good-looking horses, with great bone and power combined, and plenty of breeding.

It turns out that they are all as sound as horses ever are, but one is a terrific pulier, with a one-sided mouth and a tendency to swerve at the fences. Another is a confirmed refuser, and the third, although an unexceptionable hunter, is an incurable kicker at both horses and hounds. It is impossible to have a pleasant day's hunting with either of them, but when the purchaser complains to the vendor, he is asked if his nerve is quite as good as it used to be, and whether the dealer shall ask Mr. Griswold of the Rockaways, Mr. George Myers, Mr. E. D. Morgan, or Elliot Zborowski, or, perhaps, George Work, all fashionable

men of the world, who would be able to make them go, if they would like to purchase them. Feeling his honor to be at stake, the unhappy owner of the brutes professes himself satisfied with them and endures his misery as best he may

Like other people, horse dealers occasionally make mistakes. As a rule, however, dealers are not very fond of female horse customers. The latter expect perfection, and fancy they have been cheated unless they get it. They buy very readily, but they want to return their purchases in two or three days, and unless the dealers will take them back and refund the money they tell everybody that they have been treated infamously. If, on the contrary, the dealer takes them back, they give the horses such bad characters that their future sale is ruined, or, at least, materially injured.

When a lady has bought a horse, she asks all her gentlemen friends their opinion of her purchase. Each finds some fault, and the lady comes to the conclusion that she has been terribly taken in. She persuades the friend who knows the least about horse trading to negotiate a retrade with the dealer, and a great deal of trouble follows. At first the champion is said by the lady to be "so very kind" in the matter. All she wants is to find a comfortable home for her darling pet, and she hopes that if you buy it you will be kind to it. It ends in the friend purchasing it often without a trial, only to find himself the possessor of the most perfect horse, according to its mistress' account, that has existed since the original pair came out of the Ark.

Of course the lady warrants the animal to be sound in every respect, but before long the accommodating friend discovers otherwise. He grins and bears his loss, but perhaps a chance remark about the investment may reach her ears, and then she will say

that "he behaved in a most ungentlemanly manner." According to the seller's account there must be very many fine horses in the world. The past history of the horse about to be sold is one of varied luster; his present perfections form the subject of a poetical panegyric, and his future prospects are dwelt upon with affectionate anticipation; the virtues and good works of his sire, dam, granddam, brethren and half brethren are lovingly narrated. No human being ever enjoyed such an untarnished reputation. Indeed, the accounts of saleable horses surpass the lives of the saints.

There are, however, horse dealers who avoid fulsome flattery of their wares. When they do condescend to speak of them, they speak confidentially, and as if the admission of their perfections had been extorted unwillingly. They are careful to point out disqualifications in horses which they do not want you to buy, and when they come to the particular beast they intend you to purchase, they rather hint at than describe his merits. You are, however, completely assured of their opinion of the horse by the very high price they ask for it. They converse much about irrevelant topics, and apparently feel more interest in showing you their houses than their horses. When at last a move is reluctantly made to the stables the business is treated as a somewhat unwelcome but unavoidable duty. They seem to feel that this also is vanity, and leave the buyer with the impression that they would infinitely prefer reading the Bible with you in their back parlor. Yet, somehow or other, the buyer seldom finds himself much the better off after a deal with a sanctimonious horse dealer. Do you doubt me? Try it and see.

Pranks of English Bloods.

IN the early part of this century highwaymen were abundant on all the roads leading from sporting taverns of high repute on Long Island as well as in England. Men returning from their Saturday night jollity on roads leading out from old Flushing were often accompanied by braces of horse pistols. So it was at Hamstead Heath, near London. The character of the sporting people of England and Long Island closely resemble one another to this day. How much we are alike, any one familiar with the characteristics of both can see at a glance, and how often history is repeated. Many will remember George Work last summer when he rode his horse into the West End Hotel and the Howland House at Long Branch, and tried to jump his horse over the tables. It was in the thirties that Mr. Osman Ricardo used to take his handiest horses in London into a big room and make them jump over the big chairs. Ricardo had a friend in the house up stairs fast asleep, so he determined to "unearth the old badger." Recognizing what they meant by this expression, Mr. Davis was out of bed in an instant, and almost before he could get his door locked and a table and a chest of drawers thrust against it, he heard the horse coming up stairs and the men of war with him. A fearful attack was made on the intrenchments, but they were not to be carried. Mr. Davis stood well to his guns within, and the landlord, whose patience had been exhausted by the horses' ascent, fought like a Trojan without, and the "old badger" lay curled in the garth till morning, and backdown stairs by hook or by crook had the horse to

be brought, which was a work performed with much difficulty and danger. The Waterford family are well known in America. The present Lord Charles was in a heap of trouble in San Francisco. At one time he came ashore from his ship with a select party, climbed to the top at the outside of the Custom House, removed the American coat of arms, and replaced it with a sign of pork and beans. For this he was disciplined, and compelled to apologize officially for the prank. Jokes run in the marquis' family. The present marquis' father was stag hunting once at Leicestershire, when the stag bolted into a farmyard and down into a cellar. The huntsman was one Tom Heycock. The marquis kicked the spigot out of the ale barrel found there and flooded the place. Riders out with the marquis that and other days after had hard work to fine their way home. The marquis would frequently take the precaution of sawing the guide posts and turning the arms the wrong way. One night the marquis took a lot of young country dudes out with him into a strange country. They were principally young fellows who were fond of relating their wonderful performances in the drawing room, but no one ever saw them take a blood-curdling leap while on the pigskin. The marquis kept them out until moonlight; then, having arranged to turn the sign posts the wrong way, he insisted on returning by jumping the stiles for thirteen miles all the way home.

The versatility of the marquis' family for pure deviltry was astonishing, and is to this day. One of the Beresfords, with his friend Sir Frederick Johnson, tied a rope around their horses' necks and upset a gipsy encampment; and as a salve the next day bought a gipsy baby for £5 and, in order to get rid of it, stuck it on a hedge to shoot at, as they told the mother, till that nut-brown dame crept up behind and

nipped off with it. Still another story is a cure he had for a pulling horse, which was to ride him at a hedge, on the other side of which he had made a deep hole full of water. These and many other good narratives are often told at firesides in Irish and English sporting towns of the Marquis of Waterford's family. It may be of interest to many members of our young hunting fraternity to know that the first steeplechase was run off in Leicestershire about the year 1792. The distance was about eight miles, from Barkby Holt to the Coplow and back, and Mr. Charles Meynell, son of the great M. F. H., won it, Lord Forrester second, and Sir Gilbert Heathcote last.

To any of our hunting men who desire to make a high jumper, let them put their horses into a ring, with successive flights (four or five) of rails in it. It will bring their nags' jumping muscle into play. A man should be in the middle of the ring to keep the animal moving. It develops the jumping muscles wonderfully, and is far better than a single jump.

Many who are fond of driving two wheelers, prefer a Tilbury. It may not be generally known, but a Tilbury derives its name from one Tilbury, a horse dealer of fame, fashion and fortune. Mr. Tilbury began life in a very humble way, and ended it surrounded with all the rural joys an English sporting man sighs for. Tilbury's great delight was to take two raw things into a Tilbury or carryall, turn it neatly over, and step out of it, without the horse falling. Tilbury was an old-school, quiet-mannered man, replete with anecdotes, some of which he would forget he had told before, and they became perfect sea serpents. Old Tilbury was very fond of riding across country, and once he found himself in the middle of a heavy top-dressed field, surrounded by impatient farmers with pitchforks. After listening to them patiently, he replied to them: "I have

heard fourteen boiling house lectures, and I shall now proceed to hunt my way out of this 100-acre field on purely scientific principles." The master of the Queens County Hunt, Long Island, could tell a good story if he chose, of how a certain belle of high social position and great beauty wanted to caress his hunter, and apologized for his hunter's rudeness in jumping away by saying, "He had never seen anything so handsome before." This same Long Island sportsman once gave the distinction between light weights and heavy ones as "one breaks the horses' backs and the other their hearts." At another time this same Long Island sportsman excused his absence from several meets of the hounds upon the ground of "trying to give up fox hunting for wife hunting." All the sporting wits are not across the seas by any means, we might observe.

English Turf Stories.

A SELECT party of racing devotees was seated around the circle of sofas at the St. James Hotel a few nights since. The St. James is the hostelry where the genial Captain Conner presided. Some interesting stories of racing men were culled, and of racing events across the water. One of the best stories heard was one of Lord Glasgow, a most eccentric character in all that he did, whether in dress or racing. His trousers were always too short for him, or as the Irishman would say, he always put his legs too far through them. He wore a waistcoat too small for him, a dark blue coat with brass buttons, and a tall hat. And so attired he rode each

day to see the races at Newmarket. Lord Glasgow had a large stud, but met with little success in racing. The sires were indifferent, and the dams were unfashionable. This was enough to account for the result. His great delight was in match making; and he rarely seemed pleased with winning, a feat indeed he seldom accomplished. On the other hand, if beat any number of times, he would match recklessly for that day and to the end of the week. He pointed out to Admiral Rous, that an over night handicap was unfair to him, inasmuch as he was let in one stone too light, and he wished the weight put up. The matter was rectified as he desired, and the result proved he was not far wrong, for the horse was only beaten by a short head.

One of the leading old turfites present remarked: "The election of John Hunter as president of the American Jockey Club will be found, no doubt, productive of good fruit. Mr. Hunter is a gentleman with a higher regard for true racing interests and sportsmanlike blood of the correct stamp, and with less worship of the gate money, than many other ruling spirits in rival associations. He reminds one a great deal of the men who raced about the year 1817, notably Lord Exeter, who retired in 1866. In the early part of the century, both here and across the water, nearly all gentlemen who raced at all bred their own horses."

Scant justice can be done to the merits of some of the stories. One of a sporting gentleman of coaching fancy is amusing: "A tallyho coach pulled up at the inn of the last stage for changing horses before reaching Exeter," said Mr. L. "Immediately after starting, John Hex, the coachman, crept into the front boot of the coach and in this position drove the horses through Kam and Alslington, causing a great consternation among the inhabitants, who thought that

the horses were running away without a coachman. Tommy Waters, the guard, fancying something was unusual, peeped over the luggage on the roof and seeing the horses going at a pace faster than common, and no driver, quietly got off behind, and in so doing broke his leg. Just before entering the city, Hex stealthily emerged from his concealment and assumed a correct position, driving up to the New London Inn in his usual style. Shortly after a lot of people came driving and riding up to learn the fate of the coach and horses, which they vowed had no driver as it passed through several villages, while Hex, for his part, as stoutly asserted that he had never left the coach and had driven all the way without a passenger, except two in the inside, who were unaware of the sportive coachman."

A good story of a notable racing man named Farrance is that he met a man coming down the stairway of his own London house backward with a good feather bed on his shoulder.

"What have you got there, my man?" said Mr. Farrance.

"A bed for you, sir," was the reply.

"Nonsense," was the rejoinder. "It is not for me."

"No. 22 Belgrave square, sir."

"Ah!" said Mr. Farrance, "I thought so. It's next door."

And the man turned and bore the bed off before the owner's eyes; for of course the trick was not discovered until it was too late.

The conversation turned on horse taming and Mr. Rarey's name came up. "Cruiser was the horse that made Mr. Rarey's fortune," said one. "Mr. Rarey made $50,000 in one sum by disclosing his secret to a select number of gentlemen and trainers anxious to add to their store of knowledge, and pay $125 for the

privilege." In other words, there were four hundred persons who paid for the information. Mr. Rarey was quite sure he never could have got so many together in any country outside of America.

Mr. Swindell was a very remarkable figure in his day, and, notwithstanding his name, a peculiarly honest man. His parents were of the laboring classes, and he had few, if any, advantages of education. He was at one time an engine cleaner, but fortune favored him with such unwavering success that in a short time he became a race horse proprietor. What an awful name, by the way, for anyone owning or running horses. Mr. Swindell was requested by a friend of his to put a large sum of money on a certain horse for the Chester cup, in which race he was entered, and leniently treated by the handicapper, and in turf phraseology it was thought a good thing. Mr. Swindell executing the commission, it excited his suspicions that the horse did not become a favorite in the betting, Swindell not having a very confiding mind. He felt sure there was an undercurrent at work which he could not fathom. He expressed his doubts, and requested his friend to go and see the trainer at once. This the friend did not like to do, but said: "If you will go I will accompany you, but not else." Swindell had a great antipathy to visiting trainers on the Chester course. However, he overcame his aversion in the interests of truth and justice, and went. A telegram announcing that they would like to see the horses was sent on ahead. After exchanging ordinary civilities and a few words of a general character on their arrival, they came to the point, and asked if the horse was well. "Never better," was the welcome reply. After partaking of some refreshment, doubly acceptable after such a long journey, no time was lost in carrying out the object to see this particular horse. He looked in blooming condition, as "fit" as anyone

could wish to see him, but they were told, as he had done his work before the receipt of the telegram, he could not go out again. He stood, as is customary in many stables, in a set of woolen bandages. When they requested that these might be removed they were assured by the trainer it was quite unnecessary and contrary to his practice, and, for fear of upsetting the horse, he begged they would not think of doing anything so unwise. Mr. Swindell, however, said the owner would not rest content unless he saw at least the bandages taken off his forelegs, and he peremptorily requested this to be done at once, when the mystery was solved. The trainer had then to relate that the horse had met with a severe accident while at exercise, and nearly severed the main tendons by coming in contact with some sharp cutting instrument, which of course rendered him useless for the season, if he ever would be fit to race again. He, however, said by way of explanation, that he thought little of it and hoped it soon would be well; but in reply to further inquiries, he could give no satisfactory reason why the horse had gone back in the market after all the money they had backed him for. The horse never ran, it is needless to say, and with the rest of the owner's horses was at once removed and placed under the charge of a better man. The cause of his withdrawal from the Chester cup was explained, but discredited, and attributed to the dishonest motives of the owner and his friends, on whose shoulders the blame rested, while the real miscreants escaped with impunity.

Mr. Swindell always dined regularly and his banqueting hall was equal to that of royalty. He would often, when dining, have calls from "touts"; sometimes before he had finished, two or three would call on him. He would get up and go out to them with the same alacrity as he would to a lord or a duke. To all

he listened eagerly, though it is not to be presumed he often or ever acted upon information from such sources. He was far too clever for that, but used to say he "liked to hear what the vagabonds had to say and that the amusement was worth paying for." His investments in the Burton Brewing Company, at Burton-on-Trent, gave him much anxiety at one time, as his capital in it appeared gone, and the speculation a failure. His friends, Messrs. Parker, Dale and Suerving, all lost confidence, and sold out at a great sacrifice. But here his common sense—of which he was always proud, if he thought highly of any of his capabilities—did him good service, aided by his shrewd and businesslike habits and his indefatigable energy. He thought he saw his way clear to advance still more money, but refused to do so unless he was made a director, and then he added a last sum of £20,000. In this new capacity he soon found scope for his ability, and detected the leakage and remedied it by the removal of the head brewer and cooper. After this bold stroke in the right direction things soon worked better. His next move was to hire a lot of men, both in town and country, to call at public houses and hotels which the brewery did not serve, to ask for its special brew, whether in beer, ale or stout. On being told it was not kept, they would express their surprise and declare they could get it just above, or just below, or round the corner, and would leave for the apparent purpose of obtaining it. This ingenious way of getting customers may not have been novel, but it was a legitimate way of obtaining trade, and increasing it. With the further help of good management he raised the value of the shares in the company so that Mr. Swindell's investment in it of £70,000 became a valuable property. This is a true statement and is vouched for from one who heard it from his own lips.

Clubs and Club Life.

DURING the last ten or twenty years there has been a great revolution gradually taking place in the constitution of American society which is not an unimportant part of the nineteenth century.

Like our English brethren, we have been wont to pride ourselves upon the strength of our domestic affections, upon our more solid characteristics and upon the attractions of our fireside. We like to wrap ourselves in our superior virtue and congratulate ourselves on our superiority to our neighbor. We still vaunt ourselves upon the superior sanctity of our American home, and sneer at the freedom of the foreigners who fill our cities and attempt the introduction of their unholy foreign customs.

We claim the foreigner is ignorant of the fascinations of a pure, bright and cultivated home life; is one who prefers the gossip of Delmonico's café to the charm of a home circle. Here, in our delightful American home, he would find that the word "home," that word for which he would find in his language no equivalent, taking the place of external dissipation, and the household gods, so warmly worshipped that it would be deemed iconoclasm of the most ruthless character to depose them from the pinnacles upon which they are set. Ah! happy America! where your houses are so well built that your citizens are never tempted to leave them, where thoughtful servants give a dignity to your every order, where your young

women are so prudently reared that so perfect a house discipline inevitably follows in the wake of a marriage; where your young men, unselfish and industrious, are content to begin as their fathers before them began, and to wait until success has crowned them before exchanging a severe economy for a grateful extravagance; and where all is nobleness of purpose, improvement of mind and modesty of conduct. Ah! happy United States! Thrice happy country! What need of Utopia so long as she exists? I fear, though, there is something unsound in this pæon of self praise. Let us look inwardly and see if we are so different from our neighbors. A little national introspection will solve the difficulty. Boast as we may of our superiority to London, Paris, Vienna or St. Petersburg, do our fair countrywomen reveal in their European tours any abhorrence of titular inebriety? Are not secrecy and modern honor synonymous terms? Do what you like, but be not found out; but we must conceal everything that our neighbors expose. We may be more discreet; but is discretion morality? Vaunting as much as we do our home life, are there not strong indications that our home life is fast losing its hold upon us? Great wealth has rapidly removed all social barriers. Have we not been reduced to an unenviable social position? As Wordsworth says:

> "No grandeur now in nature or in book
> Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense—
> This is idolatry; and these we adore.
> Plain living and high thinking are no more."

Has not the modern club tended to invite us to enter upon a new phase of existence? Twenty years ago it was the exception for a man to belong to a club. The fact of club membership then implied a higher social distinction upon the part of an individual. The New York, Manhattan, the Union, constituted the places on Fifth avenue that clubland was palaced in.

A man unknown to the committee would have been sure to be black-balled. The Manhattan would not have thought of admitting a member of any other political party than the Democracy. The Union would have insisted upon a man being out of trade, or only remotely connected with it. And the New York had its own crucible, mysterious to all but the initiated. A club in those days consisted of its own exclusive circle. Men only visited it; they never thought of living in it. But now, with the spread of education, the wealth of the country, and the generally easy condition of the community, a great change has taken place upon Fifth avenue. But the demand for entrance to all our first class clubs far exceeds the supply. The books are crowded with names, and in some clubs years have to go by before a candidate can stand his chance of election.

Particularly is this the case at the Union, where names have been on the books of the club for six or eight years or more. At the Manhattan, at the Knickerbocker, members have been kept waiting for a very long period without action. At the University, where the classical Columbia and the mathematical Yale apply, there are long waits between the acts of application and entrance.

The distinguished savant, doctor or literary man finds the same trouble at the Century. There are numbers of other clubs where the subscriptions are lower and where membership rights can be claimed without delay. Since the election of the Democratic State ticket the Union League will hurry up all the members on the list.

If this general application for membership continues in the majority of clubs, the current of our home life will be disturbed. If those gentlemen who are not members of fashionable clubs fancy that it is necessary to be a buck or a swell, or that it is an indis-

pensable adjunct to be a man of fashion, the rude notion would soon be dispelled by becoming a member. The ancient idea that a man had to be a connoisseur of fashion or have a knowledge of French or old fiddles to be eligible has long ago been dispelled.

It is far less expensive to belong to a club than to be in society. Clubs are really only useful to men having cheerless lodgings, with an absence of comfort, but clubs are very detrimental in the particular that too much comfort for a very slight expenditure of money is possible. Celibacy is pleasurable, and marriage is not the haven for which the single man now steers his bark. Single men had better keep away from clubs. Hundreds of single young men regret later on in life that they ever enjoyed the possibility of club life for the comforts they could get on this account.

There are few bridegrooms made after thirty out of club men. And this fact should not be forgotten by the social historian.

The enormous fortunes made out of real estate have tended to make those men in clubs only sought after by many who are of the acreocracy. This formation of a plutocracy among an aristocracy is very offensive to many men, who will not stoop to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee" for "the thrift that follow fawning." This fawning is another intensely disagreeable feature of club life in the New York of to-day.

Money easily made is lavishly spent. This has a tendency to vulgarize our clubs, and is developing a tendency to expenditure that did not formerly exist. Another abhorrent feature of club life is the superior rank wealth enjoys to the social force formerly possessed by a high intellect. Swell dinners, horses, houses, carriages are not so much possessed for the sake of enjoyment as for the pride of luxurious exhi-

bition. The plethora of wealth is nowhere more apparent than in clubs, and has created through them a fictitious and artificial taste.

Notwithstanding the enormous and tastefully elaborate *menu* of the Union and Manhattan clubs, for instance, there are sybaritic members constantly, although in violation of the rules, demanding of the steward that new and costly dishes shall be procured and served at regular meals. This is only one of many conspicuous instances of the condition the epicurean club man has reached. The fact is, clubs serve too much for too little money, and the large population of idlers are demanding an increasing luxury all around. Old clubs should become more limited and less expansive, should not extend their territory and not offer their hospitality upon the slighest claim to that somewhat elastic title of "gentleman" alone. A man may belong to a club and not buy a sheet of paper in the course of a year; all stationery is provided. Books, magazines, libraries, newspapers, weekly reviews are all there. Cultivated epicureanism can have its cravings satisfied for less money at New York club houses than anywhere in the world.

They Ride to Hounds.

THE beauty of the Meadowbrook Club house at night after a day of riding to hounds, is admitted by lucky frequenters. Balls are often given, and all the famous society girls are there. At a recent impromptu dance much discussion was elicited as to the comparative beauty of a cotillion composed of Adele Grant, May Brady, Marion Story, Mamie Winslow, Regina Rives, Mollie Warner and Bessie Bigelow. These girls are all presentable figures upon the high roads as equestrienes, but are not all experts across the severe country of the Meadowbrook drag's line. At this season of the year all our sport-loving cousins across the water are hard at it with horses and hounds. Mr. James Gordon Bennett's house at Melton-Mowbray, in Leicestershire, is filled with American and English friends he brings up from London. Mr. Bennett's stables contain from thirty to forty hunters, the pick and cream of Irish and English fairs. The immaculate condition of the coats, breeches and boots of Meltonians is proverbial. Our Essex, Queens, Media, Country and Rose Tree hunts are indeed feeble imitations of what a Melton country can show with the Quorn hounds at this season of the year.

Considering the immense difficulties native hunt clubs have to contend against, principally the unpopularity of the sport with the farmers, our hunting set show great persistence and deserve warm praise. The men who hunt regularly with the aforementioned packs compare in their riding very favorably with their brethren across the water. And the coun-

ALL IN THE "SWIM."

try the Americans hunt over is quite as difficult a one as any English district. The frequency of the post and rails of four feet nine inches would very soon disgust English horses, and the best imported English hunters have not compared favorably with our native breed. Irish horses have taken more kindly to the sport than the English importations, from their more ready adaptability to the peculiarities of our farm lands.

Our acres without fencing are not many, and so it is in Ireland. Mr. Griswold, Mr. Work, Mr. Cheever, Zborowski and others will bear testimony to the truth of these facts.

Mr. Frank Griswold is confessedly the first man across our country, and when hunting in Leicestershire ranked highly there. Mr. Zborowski stood among the first in Ireland, where he hunted for several seasons, and Mr. Bennett's riding was formerly frequently applauded in Leicestershire. Mr. Cheever, around his native heath at Rockaway, draws admiring multitudes whenever he gets on to the pigskin, whether it is for hunting or for a contest between the flags. Mr. Griswold Lorillard and Pierre Lorillard, Jr., are ever among the first flight, no matter how stiff the pace or difficult the jumps to negotiate. Indeed, it would be difficult to excel the artistic cross country work of the brothers Lorillard any where in the world; they are handsome and fascinating youths full of manly beauty and courage.

Mr. E. D. Morgan, Jr., Mr. Winnie Rutherford, S. S. Sands, Jr., Mr. Lanier and the La Montagnes are seldom far away at the death of Reynard. Mr. Harwood, of Baltimore, who hunts here frequently, is a good specimen between the flags, or at the fastest pace of a hunt. Getting across country has done more in ten years to improve our men in riding than the haut-ecole had in the ninety years before the estab-

lishment of fox hunting in the country adjacent to New York.

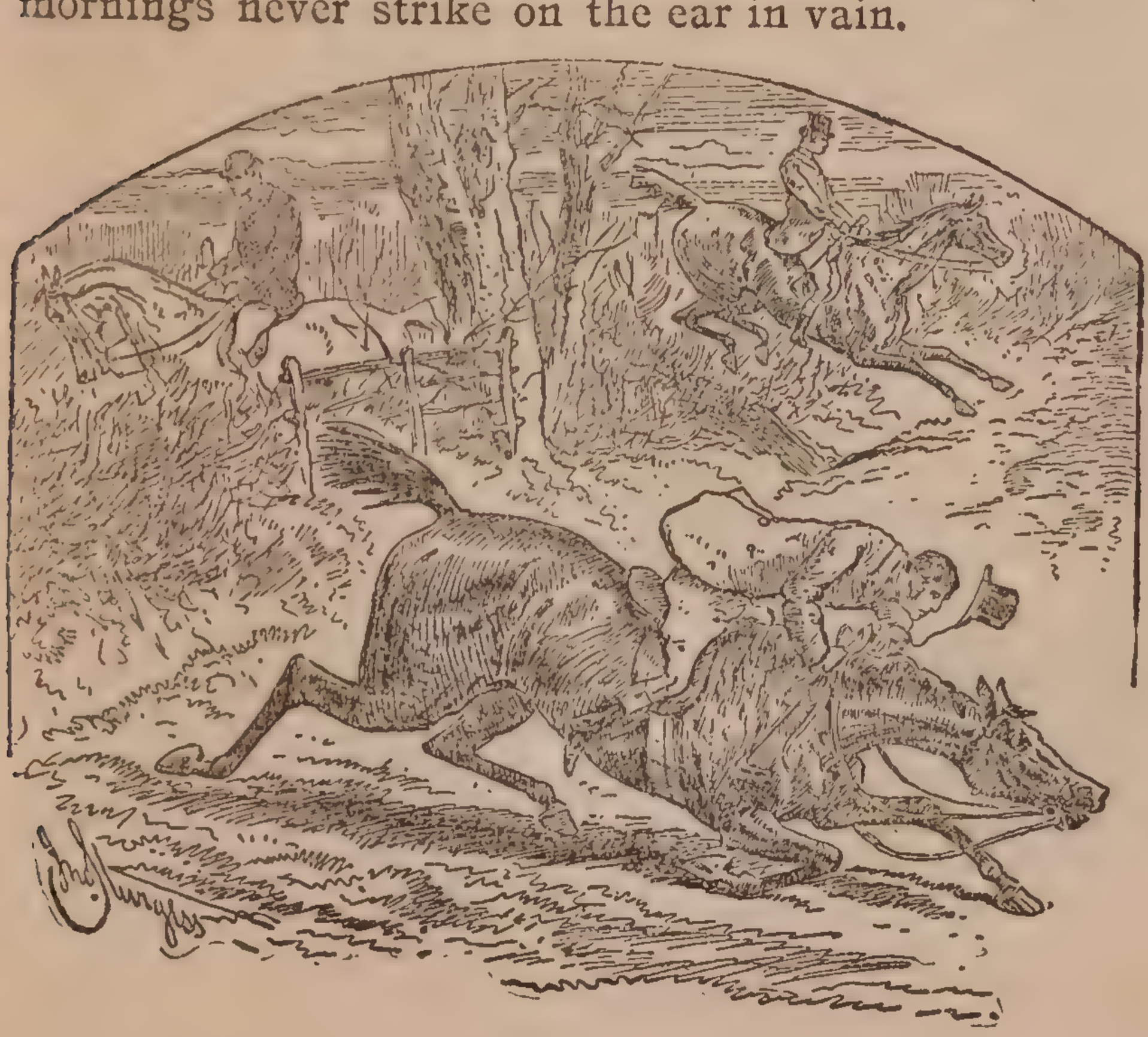
During our civil war the superiority of the cavalry of the South compared to the North was everywhere apparent. In the Southern states fox hunting was almost as much a pursuit as it was in England. The Northern cavalry were, from officers down, noticeably in the volunteer corps, the laughing stock of the Southern people.

The riders of France, where hunting does not to an appreciable quantity exist, are a source of mirth to English experts.

Not so that of Germany, where boar and stag hunting abound. And in all those lands where men and horses are accustomed to the hazards of getting across a severe country, the improvement in form of the mounted soldier and his beast is observable to any unprejudiced witness of even the most casual kind. In Leicestershire, I remember seeing a whole fleet balked at Bittesdon Brook, in a place where it ran to a regular ravine. The bank had rather curved in, and it took thirty-four feet to clear it, and it had a plashed hedge on the opposite side. Time and time again did Mr. James Gordon Bennett and his friend Captain Candy face it; but their horses obstinately refused. Captain Middleton came to it with a rush and cleared it. He had nursed his horse. He knew what was before him, and then, rushing through the crowd like a bullet, he went at it, determined to do something tremendous. Lord Aylesford followed, but he and his horse had to splash out of it. No one had ever been known to clear it before but King of the Valley in a steeplechase, and the measurement from hind foot to hind foot was thirty-six feet. When the American contingent are hunting in Leicestershire they do their country credit; they believe that when in Rome do as the Romans do. Harden your hearts and

tighten your girths is the motto. A man who loses his hat in a plunge at a brook never attempts to recover it, but hunts on to the close bareheaded. Lord Alvanley never had a hat which would stay on his head, and was always found at the finish bareheaded and piebald in color from the mud.

Leicestershire is a country with superb grass lands and fields of from eight to fifteen acres without obstacles. The pace is a hot one and takes a thoroughbred to keep in front. Men and horses go away there like pigeons in a flight, and even many of the best men and horses melt away like snow in summer. It is not an unusual thing to fish men out of brooks with the lash of a hunting whip; very often half way across the brook horses sink like a stone and are drowned. The one thought of men of fashion in the Leicestershire country is hunting; the whole county appears given over to it. Sundays are the only days held sacred, and to its credit may be said the sounds of the church bells floating into the homes on Sabbath mornings never strike on the ear in vain.



BAD HANDS.

Falconry in England.

ALTHOUGH there does not apparently exist any great revival of the sport of falconry there have been various efforts recently made to popularize it in England.

There was a time when it was extremely popular, and upon the treasury lists of Great Britain there are several sinecurists drawing heavy salaries in connection with this now obsolete pastime.

Falconry is the pursuit of birds and also of small quadrupeds by trained hawks. The heron is the principal bird the sport affects. These birds are only occasionally met with in the fens. In the winter the herons are shy and solitary, and are found in the fens by themselves; but in the spring they congregate in some high wood. The heron resembles the rook or crow, and their nests and habits are similar. They are curious and weird objects standing alone in the water, with their heads bent back to their shoulders, seeking the fish, reptiles and mice, which, when discovered, they seize with the quickness of lightning and the unerring aim of a Creedmoor expert.

Several efforts to revive the sport have been unsuccessfully made at various times of late with poor success. In olden times kites, partridges, pheasants, larks, pigeons, sparrows, and even rabbits, have been flown at. The Maharajah Dhuleep Sugh of India kept his private falconer in England recently, but was unsuccessful in attracting general attention, for few sportsmen of the present rapid age, have the patience to persevere to become expert falconers. Some few people, who cling to the antiquity of their residences, retain heronries as proofs. But they are for the most

part entirely out of the reach of nearly all of her Majesty's sporting subjects.

But years ago there were no men more revered and ennobled than expert falconers.

The gyrfalcon is most highly prized for the sport; he is very long winded and the largest species. In the olden days of falconry the gyrfalcon of Iceland was highly prized as the most rapid of flight and more courageous than the British or Norway species. The length of this bird was about twenty-three inches, with horn and yellow colored beak. There are various species of falcon – slow flyers, quick dashers and long and short distance birds, according to the prey designed. The kestrel, the goshawk and the sparrow hawk, also the kite, buzzard and harrier, are some of these. The hood, which is used to break the hawk to hand and to produce temporary blindness, is made of stiff leather, blocked upon a wooden model of its intended shape, so as to sit stiffly but firmly on the hawk's head. A curious combination of leash is fastened around the hawk and extends to the hand of the falconer, who can instantly set the bird free. The lure is used to entice the hawk back to the falconer, either after an unsuccessful flight or when the game is struck and is to be saved from the talons of the devourer. The lure is composed of a mass of feathers of brilliant hue attached to a long corded string with tassel at the end.

Hawking gloves were used with handsomely ornamented gauntlets over the wrist, each falconer adopting some poetical fancy of his own. Hawks are either taken from the nests, trained as young birds, or trapped at a later period. By the former mode they are more tractable, but less fearless and less bold and strong. Hawktaming is easy, but the chief difficulty in falconry is teaching them to fly at game. Spinges of horsehair or bird lime are the means usually

sought to trap the hawk, and active men and boys in neighboring trees are essential.

Hawks are wonderfully intelligent when trained, and will take medicine to condition them as well as the most intelligent horse or dog, and will learn to know their names and will come at its call from out a congregation. Rewards of meat will placate the most unruly hawk, who will tamely then submit to hood, jesses and bells. A well trained peregine (eyesses) costs about $7.

Colonel Wilson of Didlington, in Norfolk, has the most perfect heronry probably existing to-day. A heronry is best situated on a river with open country on each side of it. The herons go out in the morning to rivers and ponds at considerable distances in search of food, and return early in the evening. It is at this time that the falconers place themselves in the open country "down wind" of the heronry, so that when the herons are intercepted on their return home they are obliged to fly against the wind to gain their place of retreat.

"PUMPED" BEFORE REACHING WATER.

Across Hill and Vale.

IT would be difficult to find any sport in existence to-day calling for greater nerve in man than steeplechasing, especially on a course where the jumps are high, different in description and difficult to negotiate, but the pleasure seems to be fully equal to the danger, for expert cross country riders agree there are few delights equal to facing a broad sweep of water, where the mount is galloping strong under you, and with firm thud, nor the slightest wave to palsy nerve. The expert horseman instinctively knows the meaning of the firm gallop and strong hard tug at the bit; it imparts reliance to the rider, and says in thunder tones: "No bolting here." It is then the horseman feels his keenest joy and believes his winning chances are good. When the water jump is say thirty feet from take off to landing, it is from its size the most picturesque and thrilling, besides being the most difficult. To describe the exquisite sensation that a steeplechase rider, a hunting man or woman feels when sailing high in air over water, with the assurance that they possess the requisite equine mettle under them, is, in fact, beyond the power of any pen to describe, so exquisite is an enthusiast's feeling, if the diction of hunting and racing writers are worthy of credence.

For the purpose of encouraging the breed of cavalry horses and hunters, some fifty odd years ago steeplechasing was brought into notice; and certainly three and four mile races under high weights would establish a market, if anything would, for horses capable of great exertion, and the general breed of

such horses would be improved. Aylesbury, St. Albans and other places in England were then the spots where the original creation of steeplechasing began. A natural country was selected, with a church steeple in view, some four miles distant as the crow flies, with little opportunity to take any part of the run along a road, each man being permitted to take a line of country of his own; it was therefore almost impossible to witness the whole steeplechase excepting to go across country yourself. The fences were very high and almost impracticable. Yet there were not many cases of serious disaster to either horse or rider; hence the sport became popular, and a circular course was chosen to admit of many spectators seeing the hunt without trouble or risk by placing themselves on a surrounding eminence or by taking advantage of a race-stand.

For many years, at the beginning of steeplechasing, Mr. Elmore's Lottery and Gaylad swept everything before them, although carrying fourteen and eighteen pounds overweight as penalty, as high then as 188 pounds being carried. Although frequently good hunters make good steeplechasers a good steeplechaser rarely makes a good hunter, the principal objection to steeplechasers for hunting being their non-adaptability to take their jumps in a slow, cool-headed, methodical manner, without a tendency to rush their fences, as quiet going is constantly demanded in hunting; where, for instance, a "check" or "double," or any of the frequent and sudden reversals of the hounds occasioned by scent. One chief reason why high, stiff fences should abound upon good courses is that it is desirable to encourage breeders to improve their stock by breeding a superior class of animal, and prevents horse breeders and trainers putting in weedy, worn out, flat running stock, as is frequently seen in hurdle racing, for the height of the

fences in this class of races encourages not only a poor class of horses, but paves the way to an undesirable quantity and quality of frauds. Indeed, it may be said, the smaller the fences the more broken backs, for the reason that the simplicity of the course enables these weedy animals to gallop carelessly, and when in an exhausted condition stick their legs into the hurdle, and tired muscular fibres do not enable them to obtain a quick recovery.

Although the hunting clubs in the South and North, but more particularly North, have drag hunts after the now notorious aniseed, which is not legitimate hunting, still it should develop among the hunt horses a number of good steeplechasers, and it is surprising Mr. Zborowski, Mr. Frank Griswold and the younger Belmonts have not been enabled to cull a few of the flowers of the hunt for the American course; for the life of the drag is frequently a "cracker," and the staying power of a hunter is gauged to a pound. And as was once said of a famous horse dealer in England, who was one of the few from whom a good horse could be leased for hunting, "I hate to rent a hunter for drags, as you can usually draw thorns enough out of their knees to make a crow's nest." That good hunters should and do make good steeplechasers, fit to circle any steeplechase course, is seen daily in England during the racing season. The following description of a hunt near Ugbrook Park, England, is interesting as showing the severe work hunters are called upon to perform.

"Seeing a flight of rails close to the river bank, and concluding that they were placed there to prevent cattle from crossing the ford, T. rode his horse straight at them, thinking to land him perhaps up to his girths on dropping into the stream. But, alas! the spot proved to be one of the deepest pools in the Tyne River. The horse and rider disappeared, but

the latter, having been an expert swimmer at Eton, soon came to the surface, and striking out vigorously gained the opposite bank in safety. But now great was his dismay on looking around to find that the horse was nowhere to be seen. Not a wave nor a gurgle indicated his whereabouts below, and for some seconds T. felt assured the horse had been stunned, and had gone to the bottom like a stone. Happily he was wrong, as the hoofs first and then the legs of the animal gradually appeared above water, and then as the body grounded about twenty yards below on the gravelly ford, which T. had failed to hit, he discovered that his horse's legs had been caught by the reins, and that every time he struck out he jerked his head under water. To plunge again into the whirling stream, to unclasp his knife, cut the reins and take a pull at the horse's head was the work of a second, when the brave beast jumped on his legs, and after a few sobs to clear out his pipes, T. vaulted again into the saddle, and dashed off in pursuit of the hounds."

The advantages of cross-country riding and general horseback exercise are becoming daily so apparent here, that it is not an exaggeration to say that there are a thousand devoting themselves to-day to that lovely and healthy pleasure where there were not fifty ten years ago. And many lady riders that could equal the historic leap of Mrs. Cholmondley who, while riding with Lord Cook and Rev. John Russell (age 80), attempted to jump the boiling river Lynn, where a high and almost perpendicular boulder stood erect, bidding defiance to any steed short of Pegasus, and only to be mounted by a scaling ladder.

An eye witness to the occurrence, wrote: "Russell shouted to Mrs. Cholmondley till he was hoarse; the storm drowned his voice; the gallant animal did his best to clear it, but failing to reach the summit of the rock, fell heavily back into the boiling Lynn, and

so saved his own bones. Russell's blood curdled at the sight. 'Et vox famibus hoesit,' but he leaped from his saddle, and stood by her side in another instant, anxiously awaiting the recovery of her breath, and being fully persuaded that some fracture of her limbs must have taken place. Russell said: 'Move your right arm, now the other. Your right foot, the other. Bravo, not a bone broken there, now stand up.'"

The lady did so, and, although much bruised, in a short time was little the worse for her perilous adventure. Lord Cook, a hard man in his day, and who must have seen more bad falls than most men, if not during the mastership of the Queen's buckhounds, at least with the Christ Church drag, was so shocked by the sight that, on finding the lady was well attended to, turned his horse's head and rode home. The English and Irish equestrienne have undoubtedly led in the field at horsemanship, in the past but there are many superb and fearless riders among American women in the United States of to-day, their peers.

Riders of Good Stock.

NOT so many years ago—still it must be thirty or more—an equestrian school was started on Thirteenth street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, its only competitor or rival being at the time the academy in the rear of the livery stable, upon the site of the present Racquet Club at Sixth avenue and Twenty-sixth street. But it was at the Thirteenth street school that the wealth and fashion of the day congregated for interchange of gossip and afternoons of pleasure on horseback. Many werethe happy little flirtations ensuing there, and numerous the instances of demure matrons to-day congratulating themselves at having met their Romeos at this rendezvous of the whip and spur.

This Thirteenth street school was utilized by the government of the United States during the civil war on special days entirely, and certain hours of others, as preliminary practice for cavalry and artillery horses and riders. The North was entirely unprepared for that branch of war, calling for the use of large bodies of mounted men and horses capable of adjusting themselves to the uses called for by stern war's necessities, with the incidental fatigue attached thereto. Arising from this school came a large portion of eastern officers, horses well trained and capable for artillery and cavalry purposes. This semi-army school was practically under the control of Major Dickel (deceased) and other governmental officers. Ludicrous were the errors of these cavalry novices, and a circus would not compare in fun to undesignedly repeated errors of the raw recruits in tactics.

Partially attracted by the fun of witnessing these awkward squads, and partially because it was pronounced fashionable at that day, the school became very popular as an afternoon resort. Modern continental travel having become about the same period established with fashionable New York, those who returned from abroad helped to establish equestrianism upon a firm basis, both as a health promoter and a proper fashionable caper at the North. Of course in the South riding was always a thing of the life's daily routine. Southern roads were never constructed for pleasure driving, as any modern vehicle would be wrecked and ruined with the corduroy roads abounding in Dixie.

Some time after the establishment of the Thirteenth street riding academy, and about the latter part of war times, the demands of fashion became so pronounced that the Dickels were prevailed upon to establish themselves further up town, which they did at the site of the present Union League Club, corner Fifth avenue and Thirty-ninth street, and where they were enabled to provide a larger and lighter ring, better ventilated and generally with much better provision for man and beast, and, indeed, for the period, it was considered quite colossal and magnificent. It was there that the junior members of our old Knickerbocker families held their afternoon and evening classes, and amid the strains of a military band performed the evolutions of what now would be considered by them an undue regard for gallery effect. Mr. J. G. Bennett, Mr. W. P. Douglass, Gould Redmond, Mr. Phoenix, and other society men, took great personal interest in the development of the equestrian art, and Mr. Harry Blasson (lately deceased), who was an expert cross-country rider, and an Englishman of a military family, was dispatched to Texas with a carte blanche order to buy mustangs peculiarly

suited and selected for polo. The game was then just born in England and introduced into the United States. The honor of its introduction from India into civilization was generally ascribed to Captain Candy and a few recently returned cavalry officers from India, the native place of the game.

Blasson executed his commission with great fidelity and expert judgment, and greatly to the fancy of those who were establishing polo. The object of the game of polo, besides being one of interest to onlookers, was to establish an easy, graceful seat, and to enable men to reach that acme of horsemanship, to ride from "balance," and to have at all times a more perfect command of their beast.

Captain Candy, who was so instrumental in assisting in the formation of the game here as well as in England, was the gentleman who accepted the wager that he could ride, and would ride, his pony up stairs and down stairs and into the drawing room of a certain club house at Newport. Certain particular members of the club objected, and even some of the nonbilious members protested, claiming it was not an innocent diversion. A row ensued, and the outcome of the discussion was the building of Newport Casino by the club's seceders.

After the arrival of the ponies Harry Blasson was commanded to put them in good form. Being an expert on condition, and lover of good manners in beasts, he entered zealously into his labor of love, and the polo club was established with all the necessary articles for success, including club house, stables and larder filled with what fishermen occasionally term "bait." In the matter of good form of horses and good seat on the saddle Blasson was not to be despised, and many of the older generation of riders owe to him to-day much of their capabilities as performers on the "pigskin." Mr. Blasson did much to discourage what

is known as the "Dutch" in riding, which is a "potage" of the circus and quasi-military, and his influence was always at work with the then rising generation to improve their ideas. He had a horror of velvet riding caps, Blucher boots, yellow gloves, dilettante whips and corduroy coats. His time was about equally divided in promoting good road horsemanship and the abolition of absurd accoutrement; for it would be difficult to find in existence today a sister art which has greater distinctive characteristics, combined with animosities, than the various ideas and schools of equestrianism. Take, for instance, in Germany, where all men are proscribed for a certain number of years to the army. The necessity is enforced to assume a military seat, and its requirement is consequently ingrafted upon the minds of all men, to the exclusion of the necessity for any other, and its application to army purposes becomes second nature, frequently ignoring its alteration for park hunting or rough riding.

The Frenchmen apparently follow the Germans, and also appear incapable of altering their style of riding for different purposes. Conspicuously different are the Austrian, English and Irish officers, who can instantly change to the correct attitude and seat for whatever purpose emergency might demand.

The result of all this is that Germans, whether country gentlemen after retiring from the army, or retired officers, are rarely or never seen in the hunting field in Europe or here. Vainly would you seek for them in England, Ireland or with the Rockaway, Meadow Brook, Essex or any other drag hunt packs, although always as welcome as other nationalities.

In Washington last winter our fun loving Naval Secretary Whitney interested and excited the Washington social fabric by the paper hunt meets he inaugurated and fostered, and which became immensely

popular, so that Washingtonians are looking forward with anxious expectancy to a renewal of them next season. The charmed circle of equestrians require more than mere driving, for be you never so expert a whip, even capable of figuring 8 with tandem in a twenty-foot ring, capable of "tooling" a four-in-hand around a gatepost, or driving "egg-stepping" cobs with a thread, all admirable in their way, you shall not enter, and your efforts are futile without the accomplishment of the whip and spur and the leap of the five-barred gate. Thus the potential influences of the riding circles abroad for centuries, among diplomats and the military and old county families, is being reflected here. Along the byways and highways in Ireland and England you will see in the season such social leaders as the Marquis of Headfort, Colonel Frazer, Earl Clonmel, Mr. and Mrs. Cornwallis West, Lord Rossmore, Lady Randoph Churchill (*nee* Jennie Jerome of New York) and Lord Cole, all absolutely devoted to the Curraghmore hounds, Kilkenny foxes and Limerick Vale.

A riding story would be incomplete without referring to a certain young New York editor, always a horseman superior to the average, but not at all times an expert across a severe country, although there is scarcely a fashionable county in Ireland or England that he has not set up his hunting box in, conspicuously at Melton Mobray, Leicestershire, England, where he kept thirty hunters and twenty-two servants. It was always a mistake to ascribe absolute indifference to fate to him, for not many years ago, as a result of friendly badinage, Mr. Elliot Zborowski of the Union Club was authorized by him to construct such a course for steeplechasing as might suit his (Z's) fancy, and he would ride against him. The conditions named and accepted, Mr. Z. set about his work with enthusiasm, and, as to come near to a natural Irish county, Meath

county, was Mr. Z.'s ambition, he found the requisite material in stone abounding in Newport grass lands—hill, dale, running brook, all were there, including the requisite Irish bog lands, and his heart was delighted.

The moonlight night for the race soon came, all fashionable Newport having looked forward with anxious expectancy thereto, after the receipt of their beautifully engraved cards of invitation. Clouds occasionally obscured the moon and sky that night, but these fitful obscurations only made the interest greater and the riding more hazardous. Mr. Z. impatiently awaited the young journalist. Suddenly the "thud" of the hoofs of a galloping horse was heard to approach nearer and nearer, but it was not the challenger; only his groom, who handed a pretty pink envelope with the requisite forfeit. In order not to disappoint the brilliant assemblage of fashion and wealth who came from all directions of Newport, Mr. Z. mounted his Pegasus and smilingly larked over the course at a little less than racing speed, unattended by any one but the Angel of Safety, who piloted him kindly over the stiffest steeplechase course ever made in America.

The Thoroughbred's Decline.

THE race course having caused the excessive creation of thoroughbreds, a demand is growing popular for a suitable arena for the general utility horse to exhibit his speed and endurance at other paces than the gallop.

While the demand commercially is, it is true, not sufficiently attractive to create the much desired supply, an appeal for the institution of trotting similar to America exists generally throughout the United Kingdom. It is also claimed that the English do not possess such good horses now as they did 100 years ago. It is said that all the best horses are obtained from foreign sources; that while England in the past supplied Europe with her best horses she is now dependent upon continental countries for her useful supplies. This is regarded in England as a national calamity.

It is said that half the carriage horses in London during the past season have emanated from foreign sources. Lord Rosebery's committee, which sat in 1873 upon the subject of horse scarcity, although eliciting some valuable information, failed to throw much light on the subject, for the reason, it is said, that they did not recognize the true cause. England to-day is dependent upon America and continental countries, although horses imported by them are deficient in quality and form, which, for over a hundred years. England has been taught to admire. Germany, France and America have taken the best mares England has had. Many English farmers claim it pays them better to breed sheep than horses, and many failures of breeding establishments have

discouraged them. There is an excess of supply of the thoroughbred, but a deficiency in the general utility horse.

The race horse rules dominant in the minds of horsemen, and it is said there is a disregard of the national importance of the general utility horse. In the breeding of race horses the youngsters represent certain items with which every racing man who buys one hopes to gain a prize. Exclude that calculation, and such an animal would hardly find a buyer, and certainly would not in any event realize the heavy prices usually obtained unless the race course was within his vision. It is claimed that the thoroughbred rarely exhibits the qualifications required to carry sixteen stone (224 pounds) or to draw a ton, yet many half-bred animals possess the physical development necessary to render them capable of such performances. It is very justly contended that racing should be a pastime and not a business. The continental military organizations create a demand for useful horses, and therefore their business operations are directed in propagating general utility horses.

Conspicuous is the criticism leveled at the intellect of Englishmen, which is concentrated upon the production of one select breed of horses, and that only because they are fast gallopers—breeding horses that are only successful, very often, of running half a mile at a very early age. Good walkers, fast trotters, and weight-carrying hacks are to have an arena to test their powers. This idea has been derived from America, where we possess better beasts of burden than the English, because we have made better selections. Next to America, Germany has made the best purchases from England, not because of the desire to maintain the supremacy of her beasts of burden, but from her desire to perpetuate her military supremacy; Germany, like America, having selected the best

strains of English blood and crossed them with her mares of coarser breed. From ancient times we have steadily advanced. The horse of to-day is all over America and England and France unquestionably a larger and more powerful animal than the horse of ancient Greece, although one would reverse this conclusion if we were to adopt as correct the Roman wall paintings of stallions harnessed to chariots where the horses are apparently so much larger than the vehicle. The best evidences of this fact of physical improvement are shoes excavated from Roman and other tumuli, which give us a fair indication of the size of the horse for which they were forged, the discovery of each century indicating the size growing larger, and from that fact the deduction follows, of general development, increasing proportionately with the foot. It is questionable if the ancient horse stood over eleven hands high, and it was only by breeding from heavy imported mares that horses were obtained in England capable of carrying the heavy armored knights of old, who took two squires to lift them into the saddle; and it was upon these crosses that the chargers of the Anglo-Normans, Plantagenets and Tudors were mounted.

During the reign of Henry VIII. any stallion that was under fifteen hands, and mare less than thirteen hands was not permitted to run wild; they were caught and killed. Many people talk about blood. Of what does it consist, or what leads us to discover the difference between a well bred and a coarse bred animal? It is in the configuration and elegance of shape, which cannot be perfected unless every part of the body be well proportioned one to the other. Both beauty and strength are evidenced by proportion, and according to the extent and degree of speed and endurance of the animal.

It is an interesting fact that the sire of all the best horses on the turf the world over was the Godol-

phin barb in 1725, called Arabian, who was of very uncertain caste and was purchased out of a watering cart in Paris from a person unacquainted with his pedigree; but his Oriental descent was unquestioned. But the Arabian stock not properly crossed with English stock would never amount to much.

The finest Arabian ever seen, if possessing the advantages of the best English training, could never beat a second-class English race-horse. In breeding the English cross produced the posterior series of organs and superior size and proportion, and the Asiatic the anterior, the organs of sense, forehead, application, action and vital system, with density of fiber. It is difficult to remove the worldwide impression of the superiority of the Arabian horse; they never brought credit upon their owners, and it is safe to repeat never have nor ever will be a match for any English or American race horse of inferior quality that ever was bred. At the same time we are not producing as good horses as sixty years ago, as there is not a race horse living that could run in any form a race of six miles as they did then. In 1676 a race was run on Winchester Downs, gentlemen up, of four-mile heats, 196 pounds, and in 1719 the Duke of Rutland ran Bonny Black sixteen miles for $5,000, who was by Byerly Turk out of a mare by a Persian stallion.

Here is a demonstration of the good effects produced by cross-breeding. But we are acting to-day in entire opposition to all the best preconceived theories of our ancestors to produce endurance, all for the thirst of gain, because race horse owners must produce for the two-year-old form races, and because profit is alone the stimulus, and not improvement of the breed. It does not take any particular shrewdness to count the days that this ignorance of the objects of racing (upon both sides of the water) will cause the extinguishment of the race course.

Jockeys and Racers.

THERE is scarcely anything of greater interest to that portion of a race course assemblage which fills the grand stand than to be placed in possession of information as to who are the jockeys, what they earn, where they come from, etc. The colors and descriptions of them are frequently not in accord, but these optical delusions, the ladies know, belong to the master.

Racing lads begin as a rule from the bottom rung of the ladder; from the stable boy sweeper to exercise lad, and then to the maiden mount. Some of these boys, never overcoming their fear of the terrific pace set by an extended thoroughbred, lose reasoning power, and, failing in that, return to the stable. Such boys hardly ever after rise to the dignity of trainers or superior to the stable classes.

The principles of successful riding are a powerful seat, good hands, and a judge of pace, together with a level, cool head to take advantage of the various elements constituting success. The jockey's seat is peculiar to him and different from all other riding. It is to give ease to his mount, to restrain his horse only sufficiently to correct him and avoid his spreading himself. These are the elementary principles. The chief merit lies in the head—to prepare and follow out a campaign without a second's loss. Is it astonishing with the light weights called for in two-year-old races such children as are given the mounts ride without skill? And thousands upon thousands of dollars are lost and the bettors have not really had a race for their money for that reason. In riding races numerous little accidents

occur that prior instructions cannot cover; and courage, skill and presence of mind are required. A really good jockey will not slavishly obey instructions, but will frequently disobey them. To get through a ruck of horses, good hands more than the head are required. An experienced eye can tell whether the pace is telling upon the horses around him, and whether the necessity of going around them is apparent, whether they are all sinking, or nearly all, and cannot impede him in his efforts. His judgment here must come in and tell him whether he is riding the gamest; whether to nurse him, or if to confidently send him along, knowing he has the staying powers. The public are rapidly acquiring a knowledge of the jockey's art, and turn with disgust from amateur flat races—they appear to be a dead letter. At any rate there is not apparent any evidence of a revival.

The graduations in the jockey class are numerous. Some are men of considerable wealth, who, like the McLaughlins, own several brown stone fronts, Axminster carpets and grand pianos. Others are not quite certain that the game of knife and fork will be played at the evening's sunset. A jockey's usual fee is $10 for an unsuccessful race, and $25 for a winning one; although it would be very unusual, in a race of any importance, if the jockey did not receive anywhere from $200 to $1,000, or even more. Fees for success will not bear comparison here with European ones, $5,000, $10,000 and even $15,000 having been promised and given for successfully executing orders upon courses like the Epsom and Doncaster. It must be understood, however, that these prices are given when a jockey is unemployed, for if regularly engaged there is a special fixed salary for each season or stated period, varying according to rank or profession. One would think that $10 or $25

is ample remuneration for the short space of time they are engaged. If they were constantly employed so it would be, but there are long intervals between engagements, and jockeys are not very careful in husbanding their resources. The moment a jockey has successfully banked a few thousands he considers himself on a basis of rivalry with Crœsus. And a valet, champagne and French dishes are requisite, when comparatively recently he was "hunting" for bread, cheese and potatoes. Indeed, instances of frugality are not very numerous, although some few have been able to own their mounts and start a training stable.

As it is only in a few cases of more than ordinary successful wins that they receive large sums, they are not overpaid. And, taking everything into consideration, jeopardy to life and limb and the hazards of their calling, their compulsory dietary restrictions to keep down weight, a jockey's life is not a particularly enviable one. The length of years a jockey is employed is not a very great one; with increasing years the nerve departs, and fashion is fickle. A few men are fashionable this season and discarded the next.

As steeplechases permit by the heavy weight imposed, the employment of jockeys whose increasing weight has rendered them unfit for flat racing, and is about the only means of giving them legitimate employment, it is a sport which should be encouraged and not discarded. Sheepshead Bay, for instance, no longer gives steeplechases, but has supplanted them with hurdle races, a far more dangerous sport, which allows a lot of needy half broken down and untrained jumpers to compete to the risk of life and limb, to a far greater extent than carefully ridden and well-trained cross-country racers would. As a rule jockeys are superior in morals to their masters.

And seldom are they known to take the bribe that is theirs if acceptable. It is true that a jockey has to take orders to ride behind, but there are even a few who would decline such a mount.

In important races, such, for instance, as the last Suburban, the jockeys have generally had several gallops before the race. But there are some who never have crossed their legs over the particular horse they were engaged to ride until the bell was rung. So it is very astonishing what extraordinary capabilities some of them show, considering it is their first mount upon this particular horse, all information as to peculiarities being received from the trainer, who has never himself mounted the animal, and his information is, at best, second hand. However, if an artist, the jockey will almost ride his horse to perfection. Still, the previous riding of a horse is a great advantage to a jockey, and nothing but the desire to keep up an uncertainty should ever prevent it in important events. It is a pity that so many own and run horses who never have crossed a limb over a thoroughbred horse to extend him in their lives, and consequently are in absolute ignorance of the countless peculiarities almost of the blooded youngsters. For each one in itself has its own erratic ways. The jockeys know, but frequently are in such awe of their masters that they are deprived of the power of expression. Such jockeys frequently ride contrary to command because they feel they are in possession of better information than received instructions. It is for this reason that they often win where they otherwise would fail. It is to be regretted that sometimes the master is wiser than the jockey fancies. For the horse intended by the owner to lose, wins—the master is out of pocket and seeks for some trivial excuse later on to discharge him. Lucky for the jockey if he has the prestige of at

least a "win" to his credit, to seek an engagement elsewhere.

Upon the engagement of a jockey he is told at what weight he must ride at, and down to that he is expected to come. Usually the jockey finds his own saddle, not the bridle. If there is any overweight, the jockey must declare it at the scales.

Much complaint is frequently heard against the tardy starting of jockeys. If the flag was abolished and a loud bell substituted—one which could be heard all over the course—it would enable jockeys to pay better attention to their mounts. When a horse's head is pointing in another direction it is almost impossible for a jockey to keep his eye on the flag. Nor is this all. The ear, being quicker than the eye, the quick-witted thoroughbred, becoming accustomed to the bell like the car horses, would be off at once and better time would be made. It has often been remarked that our starters should be well-bred gentlemen of unquestionable integrity, whose companions were as far removed as possible from those of professional horsemen of sporting characters. There is entirely too much scandal, whether true or not, floating around this official place. And also, it is to be regretted that singular and inexplicable coincidences have recently not tended to the discouragement of these rumors. Unless speedy recovery from such an impression ensues, racing attendance will surely diminish. The truest racing interests demand argus-eyed vigilance, combined with press publicity of anything scandalous, for speedy correction. If real gentlemen held starters' places, they might not at first be quite as keen as the professional ones, but they would speedily learn, and the betting public would feel that if their money was lost they at least had a fair race for their money. Then, again, the financial and moral interests of the racing

associations would be better subserved. While writing in this connection I think it would be well if it were made a penal offense for any one to surreptitiously obtain information or steal a trial of horses. The general public show vastly more intelligence than appears upon the surface with race committees, or than such committees think they may possess, and the day is not far distant when the public judgment of pace will get down to such a fine point that through a good field glass they will be able to discern what jockeys are overriding, underworking or monkeying with their mounts.

Racing as it Was and Is.

WITHIN the memory of man such immense crowds have not, in the United States, at least, continuously visited race courses as do to-day. The Irish contingent are passionately fond of racing between the flags, and steeplechasing nestles closer to their hearts than the flat (witness the Milesian enthusiasm at Jerome this fall). The remembrance of Brunette and Abd El Kader will be green when Faugh-a-Ballagh, the Baron and Knight of St. George are forgotten.

When Dugald Bannatyne, in 1872-3, produced Milesian, Duffy and Mitchell upon the race course at Monmouth Park, there was not a Celt within 100 miles that did not wish he were there to see. But other nationalities, en masse, cared as little as if they were griffins for the cross country champions.

the youth, and the old trick of gammoning young artful has passed. For when the lad sees the old man taking it easy he catches him at the post, and boys are not held as cheaply now as they were in the past in consequence. No profession is more trying than the jocks in every way. Strong walks, dietary privations and the years to retrieve even a false suspicion or a false step.

Many morbid minds of racing men do not believe any race is run square, and the merest novice who has lost his money considers himself competent to criticise and pronounce sweeping judgment. Jockeys survive this criticism, but owners and trainers are fretful, and are ever ready to punish the jockeys as an excuse for their horses being beaten.

There are more than enough instances of owners physicking their horses before a great race because they dare not trust their jockey with pulling instructions, and after his losing the race, consequent upon his mount's unfortunate condition, they discharge the jockey to shield themselves, and make the rider the scapegoat.

Another very unfortunate position a professional has is this: An owner can retain a jockey's services and yet refuse to let him have mounts from his stable, and by not riding for his stable the fact becomes noticed to his detriment; they are hindered from making engagements for other stables, who can never feel sure they will be able to get them, seeing that this dormant prior claim is pretty certain to be interposed for a single race or so, just when they most want them.

There is a reverse side to the argument, of course, that the race horse owner presents which is correct in principle, and which is, that without binding laws, jockeys would give up masters perpetually to rival stables, for big "keeps" as the boys say. The only large bettors we have had on this side of the pond were Pierre Lorillard, "Plunger" Walton and the Dwyers, though

it has not generally been thought that either Pierre Lorillard or the Dwyers ever stood to win over $50,000 on any event. Theodore Walton, the "Plunger" has, however, when he was in his betting prime at Newmarket, stood to win upon a single race $200,000. These sums though enormous, are not uncommon in Great Britain.

A club house for betting was built in 1827 (as long ago as that), the decorations of which cost $470,000 alone. It was owned by Crockford, who was the turf Rothschild of his day. Among the great bettors of the olden time might be mentioned one Gully, who won $175,000 on Margrade for the St. Leger, and $250,000 on St. Giles for the Derby. Gully and one Risdale were partners, and they had some sort of a dispute over the spoils. Their joint books showed a balance on settling up of over $400,000, a pretty respectable sum.

Next to Plunger Walton, whose American and English career was so meteoric, perhaps Lord George Bentwick was the nearest approach; but Bentwick, like Walton, gained his experience in one year—the crucible of which was the loss of $135,000 in twelve months.

With all the craze racing is in America it has never developed the oddities of its patron saint old England. For instance, the betting on the Derby, which is enormous, is five times greater than on the St. Leger; and the Cambridgeshire induces men to play double or quits.

The extensive and peculiar system of giving large credits on English courses show frequently ludicrous examples. For instance, at Doncaster there are strange chases between debtors and creditors. Runaway debtors will drive off madly to the station sometimes, to catch the first train either way, and the creditor who has sought in vain for the much wished for face in the racing enclosure, will follow in hot haste. Sometimes the debtor will take for the nearest woods and secrete himself until nightfall. However, it can scarcely be

said with truth that suicides in consequence of turf losses are ever heard of.

As long ago as 1856 there were in England about two hundred well known bookmakers. There was one Harry Hill (could he have been our Harry?) who was very prominent as a bookmaker on foals. This Harry Hill had a $50,000 yearling, and laid his one hundred, seventy-five or fifty to one odd, accordingly as he fancied the pedigree of the yearling he laid against.

It is impossible to speak with any degree of accuracy as to what bookmakers win, as there are always so many canards floating about as to books and winnings, and it is not possible to draw a correct conclusion as to what portion of a bookmaker's winnings are for his own account, and what portion are on commission. Of course such prominent firms as Kelly & Bliss, Cridge & Co., and other large sporting men of New York could give a great deal of valuable information if they chose to, but it would not be to their interest, and the public would not be likely to be correctly informed if inquiry were made by the press or for public information.

Retrospect. With Fox and Hounds, Here and There.

NO little credit is due to the management of the various fox hunting clubs in the United States, for the persistency with which they hang on to this sport, in the teeth of unkind and unnecessary opposition. For besides the unquestionable health benefits attending it, and the fatigue in the open air, which is beneficial, the sport has unquestionably improved horses and developed a large percentage of good riders. The men who were originally the getters up of these hunts were Mr. Frank Gray Griswold, Mr. August Belmont Purdy, Robert Center, W. C. and John Sanford, Elliot Thorndike, Mr. Frost, Ticehurst, Crossman, Mr. Emmett, Charles G. Francklyn of the Cunard Steamship Company, Mr. Ludlow, Stanley Mortimer, Mr. Van Allen, Mr. William Peet, Frederick Gebhard, Griswold Lorillard, P. Lorillard, Jr., Frank Iselin, (and the writer). The leading ladies were Mrs. Purdy, Mrs. C. G, Francklyn, Miss Oelrichs, Miss Peters, Miss Morgan, Miss Bispham and Miss Belmont.

There were not very large fields at the start, but what they lacked in numbers they made up in enthusiasm. Mr. Frank Griswold, on his favorite chestnut hunter, Mr. Center on his black hunter, Mr. Zborowski on his big mare, were then favorite figures. Mr. A. Belmont, Jr., on His Lordship, a small but very staunch looking horse, Mr. Lloyd Bryce (now Congressman Bryce) on Resolute, were also well mounted. Mr. Frederick Gebhard always rode well; he was a good riding figure in those days, and a lightweight.

Fox hunting is one of the sports that few men ever give up when once they have started in it. And it is the only pastime in which the element of chance does not encourage gambling. In that particular it is the very essence of sport for gentlemen.

Sidney Smith wrote to the mistress of Quorn Hall in the days of its highest renown: "Do persaude Meynell to give up the chase. He has been hunting the fox these thirty years, but human glory has its limits." All of which was with about as much effect as when Smith preached the sermon, "Smelling of Sulphur," in the training metropolis of Yorkshire. Men may sicken and tire of racing as their years count up, but the votaries of hound and hare fondly love on to the close, with all the constancy of the turtle dove. The great nurseries of the English hunters are the Yorkshire kidneys, north and east, and Lincolnshire and Shropshire.

There are one hundred and ninety fairs in England that dealers visit. Mr. Collins, of London, the great dealer, has his agents out everywhere scouring the country for good horses. He is the leviathan of the trade and in the course of the year sells about eleven hundred hunters at an average price of $400. The French dealers also buy from him, such men as Benedick, Cremieux, Ancell, etc., who frequently go as high as $850 for a riding horse, which is a big price for a dealer to pay anywhere. Mr. Levy Lawson of the London *Daily Telegraph*, who is very fond of going to the meet, and his son who is in Parliament, purchase their horses from Collins, frequently buying eight or ten hunters at a time and paying as much as £500 apiece for them. Collins like Isaac Dahlman, of New York, is a striking instance of what honesty can do. No one ever questions his word and if the appearance of the horses that he sends you suit, the other qualities, such

as stamina, soundness, freedom from vices, areassured without an examination being necessary.

The cavalry horses of England are supplied by R. Dyson and East and Phillips. Hunters in Ireland (and Ireland is the place of all others for them) are given into the jumping tutor's hand at two years old. They are fitted with a snaffle and surcingle during these gymnastics, one man leading while another follows over these fences, which consist principally of high rotten banks. The most remarkable Irish hunter of the present day was Assheton Smith's Fire-King, a sixteen-hand, very large limbed, light-fleshed, deep-girthed thoroughbred chestnut. At first an unmanageable beast, he was bought for $125. But he beat all Derbyshire, and no other horse could live with him. He was sold shortly after for $5,500, and the man who parted with him said if he could afford to keep him $10,000 would not induce him to part with Fire-King.

All that was known about Fire-King's pedigree was that he came from Ireland rejoicing in the name of The Devil. Every one who had mounted him had been run away with. Bad tempered brutes, especially of the hunter class, become often prime favorites when they are cured of their tempers. Leo, Mr. Frederick Gebhard's horse, who jumped six feet seven inches a few years ago at Madison Square Garden was anything but sweet in disposition. He was the blue ribbon jumper in the ring, but a very unpleasant nag to ride in the hunting field. He would tear off madly and nothing but a windlass could hold him. Leo jumped a six-foot paling once when out with the hounds at Far Rockaway, a spot that was far away from the line of scent the hounds were on, and then pulled for a brook and jumped plum into the middle, swimming with his rider to the opposite bank. Mr. Gebhard found little pleasure with Leo, and abandoned riding to hounds with him shortly after this.

Among the most wonderful performers on steeplechase courses anywhere in the world Lord Waterford's Blueskin should not be overlooked ; with "owner up" and at all weights, 189 to 168 pound, she won three four-mile steeplechases successively, against fresh horses at Eglington Park in 1843.

Sir Charles Knightly's leap of thirty-one feet over fence and brook on Benvolio below Brixworth hill was a famous one also, and a notable performance. Our hunting men may not have the baronial halls to rendezvous at, but they have what is better, the superb autumnal weather that the October of America produces ; that best of food, the bright cheer of unrivaled pretty feminine faces and sweet voices that greet them at our meets. One old hunting man at Rufford, England, aged seventy, had eleven tumbles in one day while hunting with Lord Scarboro's hounds, and, strange to say, led off with a Virginia reel at a dance in the evening.

It is scarcely probable that America can match him. This old man's name was Christian; he was a Christian and a wit. He was riding just behind a parson, when the parson's horse fell. "You can lie just where you are, Parson Pochin," said he, "You will not be wanted till next Sunday." The largest recorded jump over land was through a bullfinch, 35½ feet from take off to landing. This was at Dalby.

Canines' Fine Points.

ANNUAL exhibitions in this country have taken as complete a hold of the public mind as they have in Great Britain, and quite as completely as the old time favorite attractions. At the recent dog exhibitions many a novice in entering for competition felt that his entry should have been successful.

"The choice of points is a purely arbitrary one, to otherwise regard it (says a standard authority), would be useless, for instance in toy dogs a small eye is a great merit in one breed (fox terrier), and is considered a defect in another (King Charles' spaniel)."

To avoid the arbitrary rulings mentioned a series of articles was published by judges, connoisseurs, breeders and fanciers describing each breed and allotting to each a scale of points. Subsequently the matter was taken up by the National Dog Club, taking series as a ground work, which is now accepted, as competent and well defined dog law. The plan adopted under these points are almost universally accepted in Great Britain.

Of that noble member of the canine family, the St. Bernard so highly esteemed by all Switzerland tourists, the highest representative of the family up to a recent period, was Tell, described by one of the leading authorities as follows:

Tell was sired by Hero, dam Diana. Hero was a descendant of the famous Barry. Tell measured 30½ inches high at shoulders : length from nose to tip of tail, 7.0; girth of chest, 0.36; girth of arm, 0.13; weight, 147 pounds.

The highest authorities accord to pugs the following description as indicative of prize merit: A

pug prize winner should have puckered forehead, be of fawn or putty color, devoid of smut or blackness; head round, forehead high, short nose, level teeth, full black eye, small, silky black ears, close to the head and a black mole with three hairs in it on each. The neck should be strong and thick, devoid of all loose or puckered skin.

As all toys are beautiful by comparison, no one can accurately form a correct idea of a dogs' relative value, unless he is pretty well informed upon the subject. A black trace running from the head to the tail down the backbone is too important to be omitted in closing the important points of this favorite of ladies.

It might be remarked, while on the subject of household pets, probably the most intelligent are the Scotch terrier class, and when not bred too fine, or confined too much within doors, are useful to an unusual degree as destroyers of vermin, and an unexcelled drawing room adornment. The Skye, or Scotch, should not have too silky hair, as that would indicate too close an alliance with the poodle blood. A good Skye from the nose to the tip of its tail should be at least three times its height or more. In a well coated species its eyes should be concealed and the nose may be obscured, although visible on close inspection. Eyes should be small, color dark, thick hair on ears about two and a half to three inches long.

There has developed among admirers of these dogs a penchant for prick ears, as indicative of their being harder and quicker at running; they should have a level mouth, with large black nose. Fouleys may be more or less bandy, feet not very strong, with a tendency to flatness; tail carried horizontally with a tendency to sweep, so that the tip is a little below the level of the back. In weight they may be found 10 to 18 pounds. Steel, with black tips, are the most

fancied; then fawn, dark brown tips to the head or tail; then dark, slatey blue, slightly grizzled, without white; then black and pure fawn in order mentioned. The hair should be straight, silkiness or wooliness or curl avoided. Excepting on the top of the head, it may have a slight tendency to the first named condition.

Fox terriers are enormously in fashion, although the use which called them into being, hunting the cubs of foxes out of their burrows in the ground and to scatter them as a preliminary to the pursuit of fox hunting, does not now exist here. The fox terrier's head should be flat and narrow, growing wider as nearing the ears, jaw strong, clothed well with muscle, mouth also level, well clothed with teeth, small eyes, keen and full of expression, long strong back with light neck, oblique powerful shoulders, quarters and thighs also muscular, legs and feet strong and straight, closely resembling the foxhound, preponderance of white in color.

Regarding the superb animal, the pointer—which is strictly a field dog, and to confine him to a city mansion is the refinement of cruelty—the head should be large, not heavy; wide across the ears, head long and broad; teeth even with square front outline; thin ears, long and soft ; medium eyes, soft, large and intelligent. A peculiarly rounded outline on the upper side of the neck marks the pointer being well bred from others ; broad, deep loin, with great propelling power, oblique shoulders, with broad, full muscle; full chest. The feet and legs must be good. A dog with a great deal of white is most preferred, as easily distinguishable in stubble field.

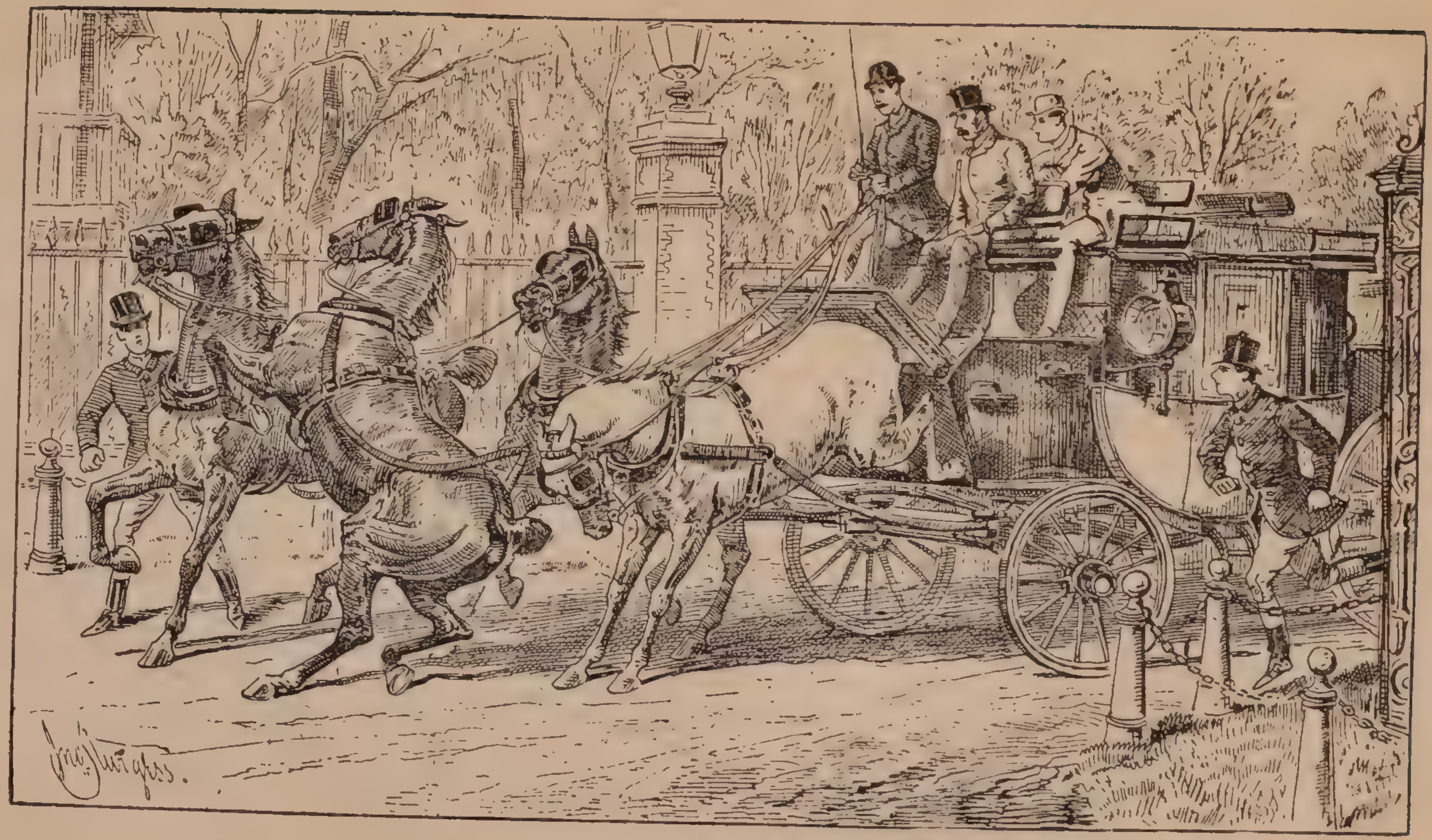
The setter's points are : The head should be somewhat lighter than the pointer, nose long, with slight tendency to fall in between the eyes; the corners about 3¾ inches from its tip to 4 inches;

large open nostrils of a dark color, level teeth, ears about 6 inches, low set and well forward; eyes large and melting, full of affection; neck long and thin; the feet and legs should resemble the pointer; coat fine and silky.

The hair should be soft and silky, the neck should be strong and muscular, shoulders broad and prominent, chest medium depth, broad, well developed and muscular; body and loins strong and powerful, loins slightly drooping toward root of tail. Fore legs strong, muscular, straight; hind legs strong, and bent and very short from hock to foot; feet strong and round, not too small, and well feathered between the toes; tail thin and straight, the coat wavy and silky, colors black, brown, liver, black and white, liver and white and lemon and white, in order of preference as named.

The clumber spaniel until comparatively recent years has been unknown in England, excepting in the family of the Duke of Newcastle. This is a dog of about 45 lbs. weight, says a high authority, passionately fond of the gun. He will devotedly follow his master with the gun, but scarcely cares to endure fatigue without it. They are extremely intelligent, and will do everything but talk. The head should be large and long, eyes large and thoughtful, nose and lips liver color, back long and straight, chest wide and deep, shoulders thick and wide, loins straight and strong, legs straight, very stout and strong, stern set low, generally docked, but if so should be left eleven inches long; color pale true lemon, coat soft, shiny, silky, nearly straight.

The cocker spaniel is much smaller than the clumber, and should not exceed 18 lbs. in weight for female and 29 lbs. for dogs. They may be of any color, more or less marked with white. The head should be round and of medium length, muzzle wide



A NERVOUS TEAM.

and well developed and taper slightly close to the end; the eye should be medium, not too full; the ears should measure 22 to 24 across the head.

Those who love their household pets should endeavor to give them as much outdoor air, exercise and life as possible. Better underfeed than overfeed them. Fanciers should know that large, wooly dogs suffer intensely from enforced indoor life in summer. Owners should endeavor to give their dogs as much of the life proper that their nature and Creator intended they should have, and hot city streets and confined, carpeted rooms are in many ways a great source of their ill health and positive suffering.

Whips of High Degree.

THERE exists in these days quite a mania for coaching, as can be readily observed by strollers along Central Park and nearby country roads. Not by any means are the only drivers of spanking, four-in-hand teams written about, or their names read in the public press, although many, including Colonel Kane's name have grown historic. To Captain Kane, wrongfully called Colonel, is truthfully ascribed the honor of reintroducing coaching to this vicinity. To Delancey Kane's influence we owe the presence of many aspirants of the whip and gaudy, high-stepping teams that call back the memory of the days when coaching was in its glory. Excepting Captain Kane, there are few here who ever really worked a coach, by night and by day, through mud and rain, frost and snow, and who have really done

the thing rough and smooth. Besides the Captain's team, a tour through the Park on almost any of these lovely autumn afternoons will show four handsome bays, the wheelers standing about sixteen hands and leaders fifteen and a half, neatly handled by Theodore A. Havemeyer, with Mrs. Turnbull one day, or Mrs. Helyar another, or upon another occasion Miss Susanne Bancroft, and accompanying the party, one can frequently find Mr. Woodbury Kane, Elliot Gregory and Mr. Tom Howard there.

In the present mode of travelling, comfortable and expeditious as it is, there is little of the amusement there formerly was on the road. The tea kettle with its steam has taken the place of the four bright bays, the grimy engine driver and stoker the place of the coachman. When the old time masterly hands of Mr. Frederick Bronson are seen curving a circle in the Park one knows that an artist's hand is there. Mr. Bronson always tools some good egg-stepping, high-actioned cattle of good form, and can be seen frequently with such lovers of open air pleasures as Mrs. Bronson, W. B. Cutting and Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Mr. Frederick Bronson knows how notes should be sounded on the horn, and with the tune of the "Old Mail Horn" he is familiar.

Mr. Bronson's favorite team is one of bay wheelers and bay leaders, with white feet.

Mr. E. M. Padelford is an enthusiastic whip, and, like Mr. Bronson, drives all bays. He frequently has with him Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg, Mr. T. Howard, Mrs. Burke-Roche and Miss Jeanne Turnure.

Colonel Jay, with bay wheelers and gray off leader and chestnut near leader, presents a very pleasing appearance. The Colonel frequently takes with him Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Waterbury, Miss Post and E. L. Winthrop, Jr., who share with Colonel Jay his enthusiasm for the road.

Few coachmen of the present day have any idea of what a coach load of former days was, and unless there to see, would have no idea of what a load there was to carry. There were twelve outside and four inside, exclusive of the coachman and guard, the fore boot and the hind ones were packed with parcels, and the top was piled as high as bridges would allow with boxes, bundles, gun cases, hampers and every description of luggage for the sixteen people who were inside and out. All the freight was covered with tarpaulin and tied down with straps; it was wonderful to behold and hard to imagine how it could all be stowed away. Game baskets and game would be hung to the very lamps themselves. Even under the very coach there would be swung a "cradle," into which various things which could not go elsewhere would be put.

There are many old fashioned sayings in coaching which are always found useful even to this day, and under our modern progressive four-in-hand driving. Enumerated they are:

First—Never get into a mess if you can keep out of one, but if you do get into one get out of it well.

Second—Discretion is the better part of valor.

Third—Should you come to grief with one of your horses be prepared to drive a unicorn team; carry a small bar with you, with the eye or ring set contrary way, it will then hang properly.

Fourth—Always carry a spare chain trace in the boot. And it is among the old unwritten coaching laws to refrain from using a larger whip than 5 feet 1½ inches, and for the thong 12 feet 6 inches. Anything beyond that is in the way.

To learn to catch your whip—if too awkward to be taught otherwise—put a chair on a table, harness four chairs together, plait some whip cord to a fishing rod, and make a thong as long as your stick, and

then learn to hit your horses all around. Catch your thong and hit your wheelers, then untwist and hit your leaders, first on the off side and then on the near.

Never divide your reins; if you do you will have to get another hand to hold your whip, and another if you are required to use your break.

In going down a steep hill if you do not have a brake on your coach, or if you have one and it does not operate well, seek out a bit of gravel at the side. Many a piece of gravel has prevented a coach heaping on top of the wheelers, and mixing up things at the bottom of the hill; or "mixing biscuits," as the saying is.

And the last but not least hint is, always go round your horses and see for yourself that everything is all right. Never depend upon any coachman you may have, no matter how good a fellow he may be. You may not have him always with you, and it should be part of a gentleman whip's business to be able to teach any man he may have in his employ how to do or how not to do anything in his line. Always have an apron on your box and a petticoat. It is better to hide those pretty feet, much admired in a ball room, but not pretty on the outside of a coach. Sit straight on your box, your hands well down, your shoulders well back, your head erect and your eyes well in front of you. There are many of my readers, old coaching men, who will recall the lines :

" Though the coachmen of old are dead,
Though the guards are turned to clay,
Who will still remember the yard of tin,
And the mail of the olden day,"

and to them as well as to our modern coachers these lines are committed, with the hope that they may be interesting.

Our Social Skeletons.

PROBABLY no one is entirely satisfied with his lot. Discontent is human. What one man possesses, with discontent, becomes a source of envy to another. One man is a great statesman and wishes he were an author with world-wide repute. The brave soldier with valiantly won decorations is indifferent to the laurels his sword has won for him and is solicitous for the rank of a great musician. The great lawyer holds his briefs contemptuously and deplores the fact of his not being successful at the shrine of Cupid, like Richelieu, who was far prouder of his boudoir accomplishments than he was of his abilities as a statesman.

The literary man prefers to be of the world of fashion, and to be the glass of form, rather than receive the compliments his manuscripts evoke and the literary set's applause. The millionaire, with his wealth of railroads and the mass of toilers at his beck or command, holds them in light estimation, and would gladly bestow a part of them on some unfortunate blue blood of unquestionable lineage if an exchange could be effected. Thus we see eminent clergymen who would like to be great statesmen; eminent lawyers who would like to be anything but what they are, and so on. Few men are content with their condition, but envy every other man whom luck has given a different state and different pursuits.

In this bright world no one is completely happy, and none are thoroughly contented with their lot. No matter how happy any one may appear to be, that person is not completely happy with his fate. And as a general rule all those who would have the world

think they are completely satisfied are the very ones who are the least so, and only succeed in making envious acquaintances dislike them and drop their familiar association, perhaps for no other reason than their inability to counterfeit contentment successfully.

How many men are silent victims to social dyspepsia, to coin an expression; how many wives make their husband's home lives unbearable from this disease? Then, again, the favorite son goes to the bad; there is some social scandal to be sacredly hidden. Thus in every well-furnished house you can find a closet in which some skeleton is concealed, and the attenuated specter is likely to walk down stairs unbidden at any moment. How often we meet the lady of the next house who is anxious to pass herself off as the choicest Chateau Lafite when she is the merest vin ordinaire. Or that well-dressed swell, who is so poorly furnished in the upper story, who requires a crutch behind his ear to prop his brains up; well, what of him? He is the thinnest of vintages. Then, again, there is the most blue-blooded among us; he is fearful that the purity of his genealogical tree will some day be questioned and the legitimacy of his descent be doubted.

It has often been said, and well said, "If you wish to conceal anything from the public eye, expose it; conceal it, and it will be criticised before you are many days older."

There are several ways of getting into good society. If you are a young man without any scandal attaching to your name, you should not have much difficulty. If you ride horseback well, and can assist a young lady to a good, graceful seat, she will soon seek your advice in a riding academy or upon the road. If you sing well, let it be known; a good tenor voice is always keenly appreciated in the drawing

room, and the doors of houses will be open to you that otherwise would be closed. An amusing talker will not find himself long without his legs under the mahogany in most desirable dining rooms. Music, comic songs, a talent for dancing, mimicry, conjuring, ventriloquism, are all means to an end. Whatever is the rage of the day in your period, that adopt. It takes too much time to educate society up to your ideas of what should please; rather adopt theirs. In one sense society is commercial; you are welcomed for what you can bring to it. You get your dinners out of society and society gets what amusement it can out of you.

Never hover between the social spheres; belong to one or the other; otherwise misery is your lot. Take that forlorn creature, the imitation dude, sauntering out of Delmonico's on a Saturday afternoon, and see what a miserable creation he is. It is true, his tailor, his hatter and bootmaker have made him an agreeable figure, but his views and sentiments belie the name of gentleman. To rank or people in a higher sphere he is prepared to pardon every shortcoming, and so long as men and women are born in the purple he extenuates every vice they commit. Birth and all the surroundings of fashion he worships as only one of the middle class can, to which he belongs. He is a dude pure and simple. "Blood" is to him religion, honor, principle, all that honor, truth and morality are to other men. He does not especially respect rank, but he enslaves himself to its adulation.

The son of a very fashionable man, if a drunkard, is faultless; the daughter of some one he considers in a high social station is a beauty, even though she be as ugly and hideous as can be conceived. He detests every class but the one he does not belong to, and into which he cannot gain admittance—that is the dude or his imitator. He will subscribe to any charity with freedom if he can see his name in

public print, with the high social ones surrounding his; but for any charity more deserving but less fashionable you might as well try to draw blood from a stone. He will lose his money with complacency to swells at cards and on turf betting.

He will save his money and deny himself necessities to invite some swell girl to Delmonico's on the slightest encouragement. He is a perfect walking encyclopedia of fashionable dinners, balls and events, and will even stoop to be familiar with feminine fashions to please and cringe to the swell swim he is in for the moment. You can find him taking off his hat to passing carriages of well-appointed teams, whose occupants any careful observer will notice decline to recognize the salutation. In short, to use a slang expression, "the woods are full" of these abject fawners, in whose society the dude is only happy where the set can bolster up his social position.

When the young men and ladies of fashion hang around the halls of the assemblies or the Patriarchs, how this toady covets their joys, and dwells upon the gossip of these leaders, who talk naturally of the swell people they know, and who do not seem to be impressed by the invitations they have received—why should they, being of them? If the veritable Old Nick himself were to make the dude an offer for his soul in exchange for an unquestionable social position, I believe the dude and his sister (for the dude always has a dudine accompaniment who is quite as bad in her way, if not worse), they would barter their souls for social progress. Careful examination of the dude and dudine's birthplace compels one in all candor to allot Philadelphia as the spot they first saw the light, and New York developed the plant with hothouse rapidity. The American article has all the tricks of his English cousin in imposition, the servile admiration, the deference for titles, contempt of the lowly

and the lack of mental characteristics like his English relation. The father of the dude and his sister has reason to have contempt for his productions. But the son should have pride for his father and the daughter for her mother, for they are worthy people of good origin. The father has founded a good, substantial business, and surrounded his home circle with all luxury. This dude and dudine will not marry in their own set and frequently are not rich enough to marry out of it. The only satisfaction the public get out of the dude affliction, that is to say, the presence of the dudine and the dude, is the knowledge that hypocrisy and show precede unhappiness, *cui bono?*

The dude and dudine are really snobs, and if they only knew they were of the plutocracy, then they might make excellent matrimonial alliances, and the extent of their means not inquired into, in the appropriate set they belong to, they would then find that, perhaps the doors of fashionable villas would not be slammed in their faces. The dude and dudine should not grasp at a shadow, but clasp the substance, then so many *mauvais quart d'heures* would not be passed.

Stories from the Stables.

THE racing world is always interested to learn of anything of interest to it, and the horses and their surroundings will always attract their attention. In no section of society is the desire for information more widespread. The movements and intentions of the Lorillards, Cassatts, Scotts, Withers and company are eagerly devoured, especially at this season, when the owners, trainers and jockeys have little else to do but kindle warmth in the stables and sit by and see their equine company grow large and stout of bone and muscle. It would be difficult for anyone to add a quota to the mass of general information on racing matters that may be gleaned by resorting to that veritable college of horse lore the St. James Hotel, and other equally important but less widely known rendezvous in this city.

The Marquis of Hastings' purchase from Mr. Padwick for £11,000, of Kangaroo, who was the sensational horse of Newmarket, is one of the subjects discussed now. This was the highest price given for a three-year-old in this or any other country. Mr. Padwick was originally a butcher, and for his love of racing greatly resembled the Dwyers. Padwick was the most successful man on the turf in his day, and was one of the examples of an exalted rise from such an origin. He was afterward a lawyer, then became magistrate and deputy lieutenant of his county, and appeared at the great Exhibition of 1851, at which in his official position, he was in attendance on Prince Albert. Padwick was adjudged a salesman without an equal for having got rid of three horses in training for the extraordinary sum of £22,000, or an average of £7,333 each. Not alone was he incomparable for the sums received, but for the opportune time selected

A NARROW ESCAPE.

in parting with them. With all his acumen Padwick was not a good judge of racing.

Lord George Bentick aspired to the laudable purpose of benefitting the turf, but it is questionable if his career entitled him to such a constuction. It was credited to him that he invented a bridle having a long point, reaching nearly to the orifice of the gullet, for the purpose of making a horse cough when wearing it. This had the effect of making a healthy horse appear affected with a severe cold. This instrument resembles in shape the bridle known as Lord George's, a remarkably good one for strong, hard pullers. It will stop any horse in the least possible time, whether on the race course or anywhere else. Lord Bentick ran a horse under his control named Red Deer, which started at seven to one, and was nowhere. Bentick laid £7,000 to £2,000 against his own horse; this at least in our day would be looked upon with grave suspicion. Lord Bentick was once confederated with Mr. C. C. Greville. In the year 1834, they owned a very fine mare called Preserve, who won all her two-year-old engagements, and was a great favorite the following year for the Oaks.

To assist in driving her back in the betting, the following well-devised stratagem was hit upon, which is quite novel: Her nostrils were painted inside and out with starch, flour and coloring matter resembling mucus—a perfectly harmless mixture in itself, which could be easily removed on returning to the stable. Then they gave out that she was suffering from influenza, and their design was successfully carried out. But the biter was bit, for she was beaten by The Queen of Trumps, and Lord George was a very heavy loser.

Lord George Bentick had a horse called Ratsbane (called so because he would catch and kill every rat that came within reach of his teeth). Ratsbane ran a race in a dense fog at Brighton and was a winner, but

at the scales it was objected to because it was claimed he went the wrong side of a post. The stewards set aside the objection and awarded him the race. After rendering the decision they reconsidered it and reversed themselves owing to a protest of one Toby Wakefield (facetiously known as the Vicar), who came up on Sir John and claimed the race, he having in it bolted to some neighboring village. He declared he was the only one who had gone the right course. Why the stewards should have reversed themselves no one could ever explain. Lord George had his jockey sent up to his lawyers in London to swear he went the right course. This the jockey would not do, as he (the jockey) said he could not swear to having done so, as the darkness and the fog were almost impenetrable. Lord Bentick had a detestation of duelling. Nevertheless he was obliged to go out once and fight with one Squire Osbardston. The quarrel originated in a betting transaction at Heaton Park. The cause of it was Osbardston riding up to Bentick at Heaton Park and saying, "I want £400 won of you at Heaton Park." To this the reply was: "You want £400 you swindled me out of at Heaton Park." Of course such a rejoinder would not admit of apology, and the usual preliminary arrangements were made to fight a duel. It fell to Lord George's lot to fire first. His pistol missed fire, and without the least show of excitement, he said to his adversary: "Now, Squire, it is two to one in your favor." "Is it?" said his opponent. "Why, then, the bet's off," and discharges his pistol in the air.

The magnitude of Mr. Pierre Lorillard's (the senior's) establishment at Rancocas, Burlington County, N. J., has certainly never been equaled in this country, and the question has often been discussed and the question asked, if there were any abroad to compare with it. There have been and are (but not

many). "Revenons." As a specimen idea of Lord Bentick's the following is interesting: In 1840, at Goodwood, there were thirty-one races and three walk-overs in four days. In these his Lordship had horses in twenty-eight. In the twenty-eight races he started as many as forty-four times, three horses some times running in one race—in the Goodwood stakes, where none of them were placed. He won eight races only. It is difficult to remember any man in this country having run so many races with such poor results.

Lord Bentick was somewhat eccentric, to say the least, in everything he undertook. Bookmakers in this country would have been in open rebellion against him if they had to deal with such difficulties as he gave them in the nomenclature of his thoroughbreds, as Black Gentleman, Coal Black Rose, Devil to Pay, Put on the Pot Says Greedy Gut, Devil Me Care, Such a Getting Upstairs, Here I Go with My Eye Out, Stop Awhile Says Slow, To Bed, to Bed, Says Sleepy Head, All Around My Hat. When fate is illy inclined toward racing men it seems to hit them particularly hard, because there does not appear to be any limit to the indulgences of their era of prosperity.

The following anecdote will show to what a point they are sometimes driven. Mr. John Dilly was a trainer and a curious character, always impecunious and extravagant. Dilly wrote in the name of a "Mutual Friend" in a disguised hand and said:—

"Dear Sir:—I am sorry to inform you that your dear brother has departed. He left life this morning without a struggle. Feeling sure you would like to see him have a decent burial, I have given instructions to the undertaker to see this carried out. I think the expense will be about £30; but if you will send me your check for £25 ($125) I will get the accounts and send them to you as soon as the funeral is over.

I hope you will not think me officious in this matter, and if there is anything else you wish to have done, please let me know and I will attend to it.

"Yours faithfully, WILLIAM SMALLBODY.

"To Montgomery Dilly, Esq., Littleton."

A check was duly forwarded with a letter thanking the mutual friend for his kind interference. It was duly received and acknowledged by "Mr. Smallbody." Mr. Montgomery Dilly, Mr. W. Dilly and their two sisters went into deep mourning for their departed brother. To the great surprise of the first-named gentleman, on his visiting Newmarket a few weeks after, who should he come upon but his brother, John, still in the flesh, alive and hearty. Naturally the one brother upbraided the other for his heartless deceit. To this poor John replied :—

"Ah,'Gamery, I knew you would not send me any thing to keep me alive ; but I thought you might to see me safely under ground."

'WARE YOUR PILOT.

Dining at the Clubs.

THE establishment of the club system has caused a great revolution in the domestic lives of men. Married men, accustomed to the refined and luxurious mode of existence in a club, endeavor to reproduce its elegance and perfections within their own homes, as far as their means will permit.

The revised and recently reduced menu of one of our best clubs is as follows:

OYSTERS AND CLAMS.

Blue Points, 15. Little Neck, 10. Large Rockaways, 20.
Clam juice, 15. Lynn Haven, 20.

PÔTAGES.

Lamb's Feet á l'Anglaise, 20, 30. Cream of Cauliflower, 20, 30.
Consommé Princesse, 15, 25.

HORS DŒUVRES.

Saucisson de Lyon, 20. French or Spanish Olives, 15, Radishes, 15.
Anchovies, 25. Sardines, 20. Celery, 20. Stuffed Olives, 25.

POISSONS.

Broiled Chicken Halibut with Anchovy Butter, 40.
Boiled Codfish, egg sauce, 35. Fried Perch, tartar sauce, 35.
Stuffed Oysters, 25, 45. Stuffed Clams, 25, 45.

PLAT DU JOUR.

Broiled Breast of Lamb with celery, 45.

ENTRÉES.

Filet Pique with Brussels sprouts, 85.
Half Spring Chicken saute á la Maryland, 60.
Veal Chops with macaroni, Milanaise, 45.
Lamb's Feet á la poulette, 30.
Broiled Yellow Leg Snipe on toast with cresses, 60.
Cauliflower au gratin, 30.

RÔTI.

Beef, 25, 45. Spring Turkey, cranberry sauce, 60.

GAME, ROAST OR BOILED.

Squab, 50. Redhead Duck, $1.75. Snipe, 40. Canvasback Duck, $2.50.
Teal Duck, 60. Partridge, 90. Woodcock, 90.
Spring Chicken, 50, $1.00. Quail, 50.

COLD DISHES.

Galantine with truffles, 70.
Ham, 30. Tongue, 30. Spring Lamb, 50. Turkey, 30, 55.
Spring Chicken, 50, $1.00. Corned Beef, 30.
Westphalia Ham, 30. Pate de Foie-gras, $1.00, half, 55.

LEGUMES.

Potatoes, 15. Spinach, 20. Egg Plant, 25. Stewed Tomatoes, 25.
String Beans, 25, French Peas, 30. Sweet Potatoes, 20.
Stuffed Tomatoes, 30.
Onions, 25. Brussels Sprouts, 30. Cauliflower, 30.

SALADES.

Cucumbers, 30. Romaine, 25. Chicken, 40, 70. Lettuce, 25.
Escarole, 25. Lobster, 50. Celery, 25.
Chicory, 25.

FROMAGES.

Gruyere, 10. Camembert, 20. Stilton, 15. Gorgonzola, 20.

ENTREMETS SUCRE.

Meringue á la Creme.

FRUITS.

Apples, 10. Pears, 15. Grapes, 10. Bananas, 15.
Pineapple, 15. Oranges, 15.

CAFÉ NOIR, 10.

Of the wine list there are twenty-three brands of champagne. Red Bordeaux, twenty-eight growths, ranging from 45 cents per quart to $3.75 per quart; white Bordeaux, seven growths, from 60 cents to $2.50 quart bottle; red Burgundy, twenty-one growths, from 85 cents to $3.75 quart bottle; white Burgundy, seven growths, from $1 to $4 quart bottle; Rhine and Mosel, twenty-nine growths, from 75 cents to $10.25 quart bottle; Hungarian, five kinds, from $1.25 to $4.20 quart bottle; sherry, nine kinds, from 50 cents to $3 quart bottle; Mediera, seven kinds, from $2.20 to $10 quart bottles; port, four kinds, from 80 cents to $2.75; liquors and cordials, twelve kinds; cider, two kinds; malt liquors, seven kinds; mineral waters, twenty kinds; liquors, ten kinds, and forty-one kinds of mixed drinks.

The Union Club of New York was organized June 17, 1836; first club house No. 343 Broadway; May,

1842, No. 376 Broadway; October, 1850, No. 691 Broadway; April, 1855, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first street. First president, Samuel Janes; second president, John C. Stevens; third president, John A. King; fourth president, Moses H. Grinnell; fifth president, William M. Evarts; sixth president, William Constable; seventh, John J. Townsend, elected June 13, 1883.

The present president is John J. Townsend; vice-president, William H. Appleton; treasurer, Herman Le Roy; secretary, Henry Bibby; trustees, William M. Evarts, John L. Cadwalader, J. J. Townsend; governing committee, W. H. Appleton, H. W. T. Mali, J. O. Proudfet, S. D. Babcock, Chester Griswold, Henry de Forest Weekes, H. W. Bibby, Franklin Bartlett, John J. Townsend, R. G. Remsen, Herman Le Roy, James H. Beekman, Edward Cooper, Grenville Kane, H. H. Hollister, James Benkard, Lawrence Wells, Clarence A. Seward, A. Newbold Morris, James L. Barclay, George B. Post, Louis Mesier, William Parsons, John Lawrence.

Members of clubs have often been known to send their chefs to take lessons under the superb eye of the club's supreme chef. It is considered the highest compliment a man can pay his wife to say "he cannot dine better at the club"—no higher praise upon one's domestic arrangements could be paid. The club has done this for the good: it has relegated the fried beefsteak, the tough ribs of beef, to the uncultivated far West and the rural life of the backwoods. Undoubtedly the superiority of our present meals at home is due to the host having been educated at his club, and all dyspepsia has been banished to the limbo of the past. The club is really the only place where solitude can be enjoyed without intrusion. Repairs and dilapidation never concern the club man; attentive servants await your every order; everything provided is of the

best, and the club becomes a well appointed home, always bright and ready to cater for the simplest necessities or the most elaborate luxuries. Marriage is no longer the panacea, as it was under the old order of things, for all the ills that bachelordom was heir to.

Now, however, the companionship of a home is exchanged for the safer substitute of club men, and the uncertain advantages of matrimony are set aside.

The club man reasons this way: "What are the advantages that marriage will bring to counterbalance its disadvantages? At present, with my income I am well off; the club supplies me with all my wants, and my movements are unfettered. If I marry I become at once a poor man, with all the mortifications and privations of poverty. The charms of marriage are all very well, but what if they be followed by anxiety, by boredom, by disappointment? Such has been the fate of many, why should it not be mine? Even in a happy marriage there must be a vast amount of monotony." This is not an unselfish reasoning, it is true, and may be one-sided, but it appears to be daily gaining ground, as is evident from the decreasing lists of marriages.

Not the least of the enjoyment of each club is the member who is the self-constituted critic.

The critic elects himself to sit and grind out every fault he can find.

The critic never has been, and never will be, put on any committee for governing purposes.

The critic has tried club gambling, but never made it pay.

The critic hates sport, travelling, society.

The critic hates one and all of the committee who have shut up any part of the house rooms for repairs; those rooms he alone desires to use.

The critic wants the same table to dine at, the same paper, the same servant, the same window. If

the slightest thing goes wrong in a club—ventilation imperfect, sanitary arrangements out of order, waiters inattentive, books missing—the critic immediately seeks out one of the governors and makes his life miserable.

The critic is irritatingly inquisitive as to every detail of club expenditure, and declines to be soothed with the brief statement of the committee's circular. The critic "wants to know the reason why." A little flattery from the chairman, or the committee's smiles will not sooth him, and he is the terror of the servants; he is the great authority on club etiquette, but everything outside the club he views with supreme indifference. Quiet comfort, good living, freedom from responsibility and anxiety are the great desidarata of his life. The critic is hopeless to conversion. Nothing but the cemetery will exclude him from the club after the sands are run out of life's hour-glass. He fairly believes that if he were to leave the club it would fall to the ground. Such is the difference of the estimate we form of ourselves, and others form of us.

Farming for Pleasure.

NO man among racing men has in his day had more jeers and more satire thrown at him than Mr. D. D. Withers, whom every one knows as the owner of the funereal black his jockeys have wrapped themselves in this many a year.

But these lads have as often turned the tables upon his critics. Nor will the handsome presents the jockeys received after successful racing be very soon forgotten by them.

Mr. D. D. Withers is, in point of fact, the auld lang syne of the turf, and with all his foibles he is the great landmark. Although not near the fourscore and ten, still he is not a young man by any means. Mr. Withers ages in appearance very little as the years fly on. Always neatly dressed, blunt of speech, superb of integrity, his presence exerts a wholesome corrective influence on the modern spirit, which has lowered the sport of kings, from a contest for honor into a lust for long odds.

Mr. Withers is a bright example, as a gentleman should be, of those who, all for the sport's sake, rarely bet upon his own or the entries of others. No cooler head exists at the front of a grand stand when a row is on the tapis, nor firmer hand to put it down.

Among the many peculiarities of Mr. D. D. Withers, and there are not a few, he likes having his racing blood to himself, and therefore does not permit his sires to serve others, or puts the price at a prohibitive figure. Although stern of mood when he is crossed, his hand is ever open and his heart is warm. Above all things he hates naming his horses until victorious, and prefers to let the people grope hope-

lessly among the sons of King Ernst or other sires, as, for instance, B. C.——, two yrs, by King Ernst, out of Arnica, and so on. In farming Mr. Withers is an important man in Eastern New Jersey, and of short horns and many of the different varieties of herds Mr. Withers is quite an expert. He has a beautifully laid out farm near Mattawan, and a very complete one it is. Everything is grown suitable to the soil and climate. Indeed, there are few farmers in that section of the country that are better posted on the green crops or grass alluvial soils, or which is worst or which is best. The farm lies in a richly wooded grass-land country, and has the appearance of having been extensively enriched with fertilizers.

Mr. Withers has a rival farmer in Mr. P. Lorillard, who is one of his esteemed friends. You can find at Rancocas farm that no keener sportsman, in every sense of the word exists than Mr. Pierre Lorillard. He it was that bought his thousand acres of land at Jobstown, Burlington county, N. J., from Squire Conover, a great landed proprietor of this county. When Mr. Lorillard took possession of the place it had all the characteristic features of New Jersey farms. Everything had been done to make the place uninviting by Mr. Conover, and abhorrent to a well-bred city man. But when Mr. Pierre Lorillard took hold of it he added from time to time hundreds of acres, and the farm soon blossomed into a cultivated spot fit for a kingly retreat. Large and lavish structures were built without regard to expense. Housings for cattle of every description sprung up, that were sufficiently inviting almost for a human residence. Scientific draining was put everywhere into being. Race tracks and training paddocks soon abounded, and the place is to-day a superb model of an estate that any gentleman of cultivated agrarian tastes would look at with longing eyes. Seeing is believing and it is im-

possible to describe the many attractive and lovely features that surround the Rancocas farm that has been endowed so abundantly by Mr. Lorillard.

It is doubtful if such high-caste sheep, dogs, ducks, cows, bulls, or the thoroughbred horse, and well-bred variety of cattle are so plentiful upon any other single farm in the world. Their abundance is prolific at the Jobstown Rancocas farm. Mr. Lorillard's family are supplied abundantly from this farm, and his friends are constantly in receipt of large quantities of supplies for table use from Rancocas. There will be many sorrowful people when Mr. Lorillard sells the place.

But Mr. Lorillard is a votary of all sports. He delights in surrounding himself with cheerful people. The place reminds one of a great landed estate in England, where the merry-hearted tollgate keepers beguile their leisure hours in clipping the garden hedges into fantastic shapes, here an urn and there a crowing cock, and who in the hunting season would not rest short of a horse and rider, and put the man into a scarlet coat.

Mr. Lorillard's sons are passionately fond of sport, hunting, shooting, driving, swimming, or in fact any of the athletic amusements. Cross-country riding is the particular fancy of Mr. P. Lorillard, Jr., and Mr. N. G. Lorillard, generally known as Griswold. Speaking of hunting, so fashionable here and in Europe, reminds me of a devoted follower of the hounds, one Stephen Wood, who was blind. He followed the hounds at eighty-four years of age without a guide. History does not relate how it was done. Rev. E. Stokes, of Blaby, England, was also blind. He hunted with attendants, who had a little bell rung whenever he was at a fence. A blind officer performed still more boldly with the "Dukes," but a friendly voice was sufficient for him. Referring to the Loril-

lard place at Jobstown, it should be said that the scenery through which you pass to it is beautiful. There are valleys bursting forth with living beauty and grandeur and the Rancocas River, from which the Rancocas farm derives its name, is a superb stream, moving, as it does, in its serpentine form in all silvery brightness. Intelligent admirers of greatness and beauty are overwhelmed with the superb autumnal beauty bordering its course at this period of the year. About the house itself everything is in keeping with the wide entrance hall and massive stairs and the wainscoted parlor. China of many patterns—yellow, blue, green and claret—are on the shelves. Looking out of the windows occasional sheeted strings of racers can be seen, and, near by, well-bred ewes and other fine live stock. Hanging on the walls are the gallery devoted to the heroes of field and fold. All the short horn and the long horn creatures and horse-loving family are there. For many years Mr. Lorillard has been a quiet but extensive contributor to the herd book, and there are numerous entries traced to good and ancient families from his raising in it.

A. J. Cassatt is another member of our racing families, who is a thoroughbred sportsman and a gentleman in every sense of the word. He, too, is passionately fond of his farm life, and lives the life of a country gentleman. It is one thing to possess wealth and another to know how to expend it. Mr. Cassatt, if he bets at all, or ever backs his entries, does so only in sufficiently large sums to make it interesting. Mr. Cassatt loves sport only for sport's own sake, and prosecutes racing for the improvement of the breed of the thoroughbred horse and for his own pleasure. No man can, he thinks, make a living or business of racing without descending to those vile practices which have in other parts leveled, and will eventually in this country level, all morality in its path.

Mr. Cassatt loves at his farm to surround himself with men who can appreciate and tell a good story. One of his favorite jokes is that of the Catterick Bridge race course in England, a place which has a charming association from its old coaching and posting days. This course is one mile and 246 yards, and was the scene of the post colloquy between the gentleman rider and the starter which was immortalized in *Punch*. The gentleman jockey was asked by the starter why he didn't go, and replied that as he had orders to make a waiting race of it, he might as well wait there as anywhere else.

The Decline of the Thoroughbred.

(Second Letter.)

THE only real argument for the existence of horse racing, and the raising of thoroughbred racehorses, is the improvement of the breed of horses. Thoughtful men, however, are gradually becoming convinced that horse racing, as it at present exists on both sides of the Atlantic, is really tending towards a deterioration in horse flesh. The importance of this fact, if true, cannot be overestimated, for, once admitted, horse racing is without a *raison d'être*. The thoroughbred of to-day is produced with the sole object of furnishing an animal which will procure a liberal reward for its breeder and owner at the earliest possible moment. According to the short-sighted notions of most owners, two and three-year-old racing affords this immediate return. Consequently, it receives the lion's share of attention, while the racing of maturer animals is comparatively neglected. It seems almost unnecessary to demonstrate the patent folly of this, and certainly no sane racing man can assert that running youngsters before their frame and bones have settled is calculated to improve the breed of horses. High prices are paid only for racing stock which is descended from the most celebrated winners. Size, shape, bone, muscle, and stamina are elements which are very little considered. The effect of this is seen in the rapid decadence of the English and American draught horse. Firstrate animals of this kind must now be imported from France, where proper attention is given to their breeding, and the prices they command are gradually becoming so large as to put them out of the reach of

the ordinary buyer of limited means. The racehorse shows but one pace—the gallop; the walk and trot are never thought of in breeding this animal, and the sire and dam are selected with the sole view of increasing the "gallop stride," and with it the breeder's exchequer. If a tithe of the money expended upon breeding two-year-old and other immature racers, could be directed in the channel of the horse for draught purposes, we could now supply our own demand for good cartage horses, and the nation's prosperity would be thus correspondingly increased. Handsome rewards for the general utility horse at horse shows would go much further towards improving the breed than the combined riches of our two and three-year-old stakes. The blooded horse of former days was very valuable in improving coarser breeds of horses, because a fully developed five-year-old was more of an ideal than a two-year-old forced by hot-house methods into an unnatural maturity, full of the seeds of an early decay. The late Admiral Rous demanded heavy purses for five-year-olds and upward as a remedy for this evil. He was undoubtedly right in thinking that this would alone induce owners to show more mercy to young horses. Larger stakes for longer distances would likewise tend to preserve the most valuable qualities of the throrughbred. Some step in this direction is imperative. To a genuine lover of horses it is heart-rending to see a noble thoroughbred on the race-track, crippled by having been unduly forced at an early age. It may be said of them as the Spanish proverb has it, "*El corazon manda las carnes*" —"the heart bears up the body." But courage alone will not serve for breeding.

Contained in a weak frame it will not pull a heavy load.